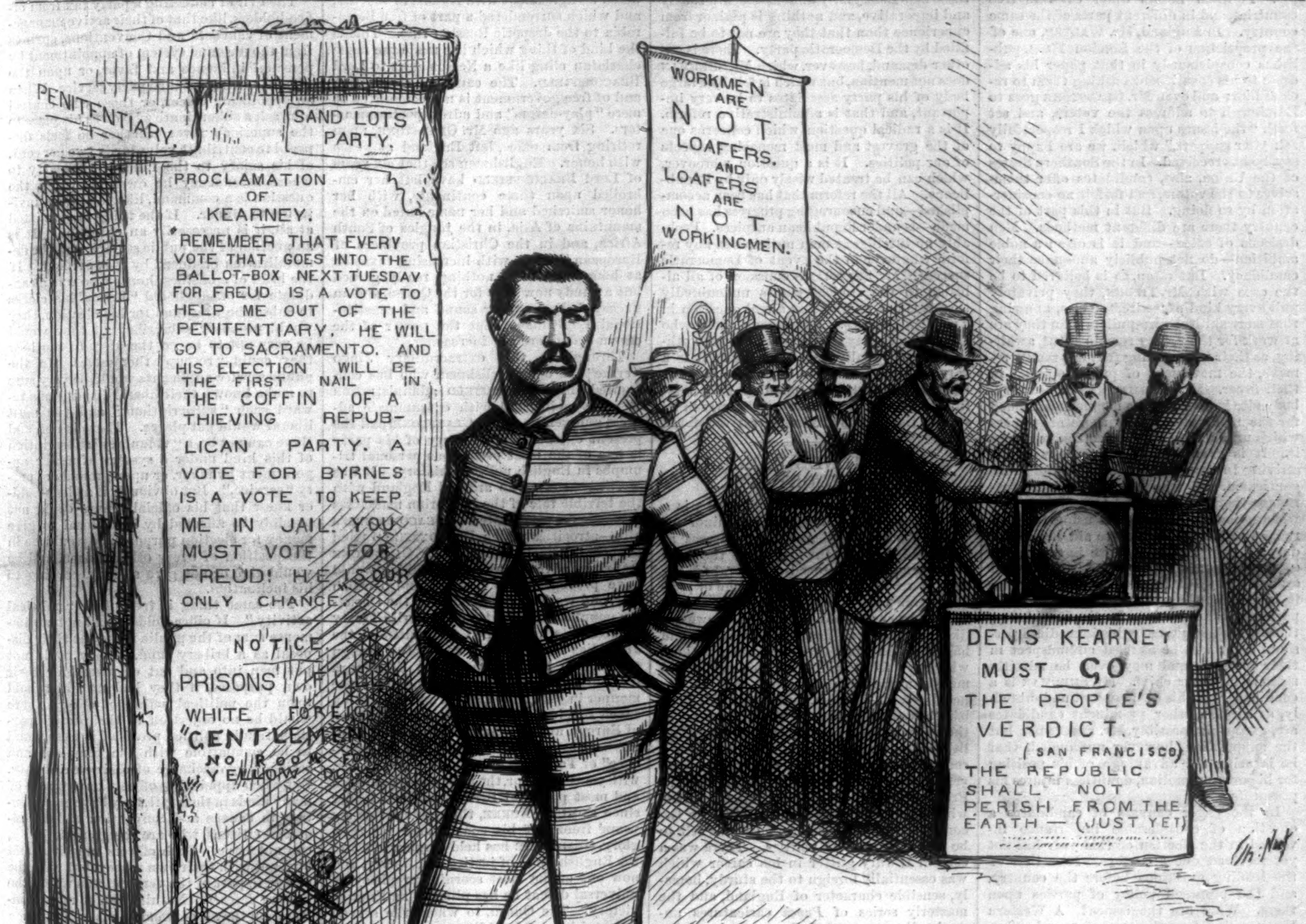
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXIV.—No. 1217.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1880. [SINGLE COPIES TEN CENTS. $4.00 FOR YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1880, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



ANOTHER MAN THAT TREMBLES FOR OUR REPUBLICAN FORM OF GOVERNMENT.

DENIS KEARNEY, NO DOUBT, THINKS THAT UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IS A FAILURE.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 24, 1880.

NEW STORY BY F. W. ROBINSON.

A new story by this popular author will be begun in the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY. *It is entitled*

"ALL THROUGH BROWN."

It is full of sparkling humor and laughable incident.

MR. SHERMAN'S PLATFORM.

MR. SHERMAN is the only candidate for the Presidential nomination who has publicly spoken frankly of his own candidacy, and of his view of the questions upon which the appeal is to be made to the people. Political habits differ even in free countries, and in different parts of the same country. In England, Mr. WALTER, one of the proprietors of the London *Times*, publishes conspicuously in that paper his address to his constituents, asking them to reelect him; and even Mr. GLADSTONE goes to Edinburgh to address the voters, and set forth "the issues upon which I respectfully ask your support," which, we are happy to say, he has received. In the Southern States of the Union, also, candidates offer themselves to the voters, and forfeit no consideration by so doing. But in this part of the country there are different methods. Men desirous of office—and it is often a noble ambition—do not publicly announce their candidacy. But often, as is believed to be the case with Mr. TILDEN, they privately pull every kind of "wire," or else, knowing that more skillful wire-pullers than they are at work for them, they remain silent, awaiting, as their wire-pulling friends proudly remark, the movement of public opinion in their favor. Mr. SHERMAN knows, as everybody else knows, that he is much mentioned for the nomination; that there are papers which urge it, and clubs organized to secure it. It is even alleged by those who are striving to secure the nomination of other gentlemen, and who use all the local patronage they can command to promote their wishes, that Mr. SHERMAN is using the patronage of his department to aid his candidacy. Upon this subject we have already expressed our opinion. Under the usual system of appointment in the civil service it is evident that when the head of a department is a candidate for the Presidency, those who hold place by his immediate personal favor will be at least circumspect in their conduct, and may even be adroitly zealous for their chief. Mr. SHERMAN is a candidate with his own consent undoubtedly, as all the other prominent candidates are, excepting, possibly, Mr. EDMUNDS; but the supposition, however unfounded, that he is using the advantage of his position for his own promotion, doubtless injures his prospects.

In the eager canvass of candidates a question of considerable importance involved in the election of this year has not yet received due attention. It is that of the leading questions before the country, and the proposed policy of parties upon them. What are the issues? A Western Democratic Convention puts forward a platform consisting of assertions of the general guilt and lawlessness of the Republican party, with a distinct accusation of having "stolen" the Presidency four years ago. The Republicans in Kansas, on the other hand, rely mainly upon a declaration that the Democratic party is also lawless, and intends to steal the Presidency next winter by force or fraud. Mr. SHERMAN, with great propriety, plainly states what he believes to be the true questions. The policy of resumption, he thinks, must be maintained, the constitutional amendments must be enforced with all the power of the national government to secure every man in the full enjoyment of civil and political rights, and the system of free common schools must be fostered by the national and the State governments with all their constitutional power. To this end the dominance of the Republican party must be continued, because it alone can be trusted to do this work; and Mr. SHERMAN adds another reason for Republican success which may have escaped many persons. He calls it, indeed, the first great issue of the campaign. It is the necessity of retaining the Republican character of the Supreme Court, because otherwise, he intimates rather than asserts, its rulings will tend to reverse the settlements of the war. This is plain speech, and to many persons it will seem a dangerous dragging of the court into the arena of politics. But it is unquestionably very fortunate for the country that the Supreme Bench whose majority gave the DRED SCOTT decision, and declared that when the Constitution was formed the colored man had no rights which the white man was bound to respect, did not remain to construe the new amendments. Nor can it be doubted that it is greatly for the benefit of the peace, progress, and prosperity of the country that the recent decisions have been pronounced, instead of those which a majority like Justices CLIFFORD and FIELD would have rendered upon the same questions.

It must be conceded that Mr. SHERMAN puts the Republican position clearly and well. The party demands honest finance, to be secured by maintaining resumption and refunding, under a friendly and not a hostile Administration. It demands the enforcement of equal constitutional rights by all the national power, and the judicial interpretation of that power by a court not hostile to the convictions which have conferred those rights. It demands, also, the most ample constitutional means of education at the State and national expense. All these demands, justly understood, are timely and imperative, and nothing is plainer from experience than that they are not to be fulfilled by the Democratic party. There is another demand, however, which Mr. SHERMAN does not mention, but which is felt by a large body of his party associates to be very important, and that is administrative reform. It is a radical question, which concerns one of the gravest and most menacing aspects of our politics. It is a question, moreover, which can be treated wisely only by Republicans. All the reform that has been accomplished—and encouraging progress has been made—is under Republican auspices. Probably no intelligent man anticipates any reform whatever in the event of Democratic success. Mr. SHERMAN'S omission of all allusion to the subject shows undoubtedly that it is not regarded as a real question in "political" circles. But among those who give the majority to one party or to the other, and who really decide elections, it is a very real question. We do not see that the Republican party can possibly gain anything by declining to interest directly in its success the friends of administrative reform.

GLADSTONE'S FAMOUS VICTORY.

THE result of the English elections is a surprise upon all sides. The minor or "bye" elections, and the Tory success at Liverpool and Southwark, with the loud Jingo brag, had produced a general feeling that there was no essential change of public sentiment, and that Lord BEACONSFIELD would be sustained. England, however, like the prodigal, has come to itself, and has rejected him. We are among those who have felt through all this flashy and melodramatic administration that it was peculiarly un-English, and that of all British statesmen in history Mr. DISRAELI was the one who least represented the true English character and spirit. He had been a conspicuous public man for nearly forty years when he succeeded Mr. GLADSTONE as Prime Minister. But during all that time, with all his cleverness, he had not won the confidence of the country. He was felt to be a "play-actor" in politics. There was a certain tawdry glitter in his career which was essentially foreign to the sturdy, homely, sensible character of England, and the masterly series of *Punch* caricatures undoubtedly represented the general opinion entertained both by political associates and opponents of this politician of boundless "cheek." When he came into power six years ago, it was not so much because of the positive preference of the country for Tory principles as of weariness of the restless activity and reform spirit of the GLADSTONE administration. This dissatisfaction, wanting only some excuse for opposing GLADSTONE, readily seized upon the Tory charge that England under GLADSTONE had lost its foreign influence, and Mr. DISRAELI'S cue was to conciliate this feeling by doing nothing at home, and making a fine show of activity abroad.

He has certainly played his game well, and with unscrupulous audacity. The most plausible plea for the BEACONSFIELD policy has been best stated, not by himself, nor by Lord SALISBURY, nor by the Jingo clubs and cider cellars, but by an independent Liberal, Mr. COWEN, of Newcastle. It is a plea which was sometimes seen in the newspapers and heard in the speeches three or four years ago, especially before the resignation of Lord DERBY, the BEACONSFIELD Foreign Secretary, but which has been hardly heard since that time except in a late speech of Mr. COWEN. The plea is this—that England and Russia are the opposing forces of civilization and barbarism, and that the true politics of England and the highest duty of Englishmen are to oppose Russian policy. This was the ingenious BEACONSFIELD appeal to British patriotism and principle, while the passions of the mob were cultivated in a way which was illustrated by the song that gave the name Jingo to the BEACONSFIELD party:

> "We don't want to fight, but, by Jingo! if we do,
> We've got the ships, we've got the men, we've got the money too!"

But an impartial survey of the BEACONSFIELD administration shows that it has not accomplished its professed purpose. In the first place, it did not prevent the Russian and Turkish war; and in the second, it did not derive from the war the advantage which it assumed to have gained. When the war ended, Russia dictated the Treaty of San Stefano. The BEACONSFIELD administration blustered, and its new Foreign Secretary, Lord SALISBURY, wrote a heroic dispatch, and refused to attend a Congress. But Russia skillfully diplomatized, and made a private agreement with Lord BEACONSFIELD in London, which he went pompously to Berlin publicly to ratify; and the "peace with honor" that he brought home from Berlin was merely a bargain which he went, under an agreement with Russia, to execute, and which surrendered a part of free Bessarabia to the despotic Russian rule. This is the kind of thing which has made the name charlatan cling like a Nessus shirt to Lord BEACONSFIELD. The cause of civilization and of free government is not committed to mere "play-actors" and adroit posture-masters. Six years ago Mr. GLADSTONE, upon retiring from office, left England at peace with honor. Englishmen see that six years of Lord BEACONSFIELD have left her embroiled upon three continents, with her honor smirched and her name hated on the mountains of Asia, in the jungles of South Africa, and in the Christian provinces of European Turkey, with increasing taxation at home, and with nothing really gained but a gaudy new title for the Queen, and an uneasy feeling among sound and constitutional Englishmen that the power of the crown is dangerously increasing.

Throughout this extraordinary Jingo "craze" the one Englishman who has confronted the BEACONSFIELD administration at every point, and with consummate address and genius, is Mr. GLADSTONE, and the present extraordinary victory of his party is one of the most prodigious personal triumphs in English political history. It was Mr. GLADSTONE who aroused England with the terrible tale of the Bulgarian massacres—massacres perpetrated by BEACONSFIELD'S ally—atrocities which BEACONSFIELD tried to sneer into insignificance. Mr. GLADSTONE stated in advance the policy which would have prevented the Russian and Turkish war, and would have gained for the Christian populations more than the Berlin Treaty gained. He has riddled and ridiculed the Jingo lies about his own conduct of foreign affairs. In his late speech at Edinburgh he contrasts with overwhelming force the manner in which the Liberal administration saved Belgium from effacement on the map of Europe, and the manner in which the Tories have saved the "integrity and independence" of Turkey. At seventy years of age, with youthful vigor, the most amply equipped and most powerful British political leader since EDMUND BURKE, through all this six years' frenzy of his countrymen for false glory, GLADSTONE has held England fast to the English ideal of justice and liberty, and now out of the most scornful prophecy of universal defeat he has plucked an English victory. The Queen, to whom the servile Oriental tone of Lord BEACONSFIELD is supposed to have been most agreeable, is reported to be unwilling to send for Mr. GLADSTONE. But, however that may be, wherever MACGREGOR sits is the head of the table: so long as Mr. GLADSTONE lives, he will be the true leader of liberal England.

MR. WALLACE'S REPORT ON POLITICAL ASSESSMENTS.

THERE is a certain insincerity in the report of Senator WALLACE upon political assessments. Mr. WALLACE is a politician of the old school, who, so far as we know, has never shown either in theory or practice any disinclination for the usual methods of political and party management, including the raising of "campaign funds" from office-holders. He is a Democrat of the straitest sect, and he would have hardly recommended the passage of the bill which is attached to his report, and which absolutely forbids any person holding any office under the United States to pay or give any money or valuable thing for any political purpose whatsoever, if he had had the least expectation that such a bill would be made law. If this be so—and it will not be doubted—Senator WALLACE'S proposition is a piece of sheer buncombe, and the object of his report is not what it purports to be. It is not to provide a remedy for a great and growing abuse, but to furnish a campaign document against the Republican party. The act of 1876, which prohibits executive officers from asking from any other officer, or giving to such officer or employé, any money for political purposes, was a mere evasion, intended to seem to defer to public opinion without securing the object. The President's order of 1877 forbidding political assessments upon officers or subordinates was set aside, and assessments were levied under pretense of soliciting subscriptions. But however imperfectly the order may have been observed, confidence in the honest purpose of the President has been so general and effective among members of the civil service that the amount of money illicitly extorted from them has greatly diminished. Those who have paid have done so either from their sincere interest as citizens, or because of the apprehension that the managers of a new administration might regard with disfavor those who had not paid. A minority report will be made by Senators KIRKWOOD, HOAR, and BLAIR, and as Senator HOAR is an intelligent friend of reform, we may expect a strong and clear statement of the true principle in the minority report.

The evil of collecting a party tax from office-holders, like that of their active management of caucuses and Conventions, springs from the unsound system of appointment by personal influence and favor, or upon the ground of what is called party service. When an appointing officer, or those who control him, ask a subordinate who owes his place to the superior's favor whether he feels disposed to contribute voluntarily two per cent. of his salary to the fund of the party to whose ascendency he owes his place, the question is a command, like the king's invitation to dinner. If the thing is permitted at all, it is necessarily an extortion. It is an auction of the public service, and the demoralization produced by it is evident. If the head of a business house who was a candidate for office should "invite" his clerks to subscribe to a fund for his election, they would probably subscribe, but they would be very apt to be on the alert to see how they could "recoup" themselves. In the public service applicants would be very sure to make known their liberal dispositions toward such "subscriptions," and the most liberal would get places. There is not, and there can not be, a "voluntary" subscription of this kind under a system of minor appointment by favor, or upon grounds of party "service." But obviously if a place-holder knew that his official tenure could not possibly be affected by his refusal to give money for election purposes, he would be in the position of every other citizen, and he would give or not give solely according to his inclination.

The same thing is true of his "political activity." If office-holders had not an immense sum of the public money at their disposal as a bribery fund, if they could not put men into and out of places for their own purposes, if they had no illicit hold upon the political action of others, there would be no objection to their active participation in politics, provided it were found to be compatible with the complete and satisfactory discharge of their official duty. But when appointing officers have places of many kinds in their gift, they have an advantage in caucus and convention which non-official citizens, who are the great majority, can not have. Such officers can bribe and buy, not with their own money, but with the money in part of the very citizens whom the bribery defeats. Nothing can be more comical than the air of offended virtue, as of men deprived of a right of American citizenship, with which some such officers object to an order prohibiting their bribery. They find nothing subversive of the rights of American citizenship in buying votes for their own purposes with the money of other people; it is only the prohibition of such bargains that offends their fine sense of political honor. The objection to Mr. WALLACE'S proposition is twofold: it is not bona fide; and it does not touch the real evil, of which political assessments are but a symptom.

UNKNOWN PUBLIC OPINION.

THE London *Spectator*, one of the ablest of the English Liberal papers, commenting upon the remarkable result of the election in England, says that it shows how little is known, even by the most sagacious observers, of the actual state of public sentiment. It is very easy for an eager orator or an anxious editor to declare that public opinion enthusiastically demands what the orator and the editor wish, and journalists, if nobody else, read with as much gravity as they can command, in the columns of one esteemed contemporary who desires the election of A, that it is a universal feeling that the salvation of the country demands it, and in the columns of another esteemed contemporary, who with equal fervor supports the election of B, that the country feels that it is lost if B should be defeated. A small and solitary voice through a speaking-trumpet makes a thundering sound, but it is still only a small and solitary voice.

In England there seemed, indeed, to be

some reason for supposing that there was no very radical change in the public support of the BEACONSFIELD government. We have mentioned elsewhere the local elections and the Tory "brag"; but this last element must be taken seriously into the account. The "cheek" of Lord BEACONSFIELD and the Jingoes has been prodigious. Indeed, it recalls the Irish story—"Cheek, indade! a whole face, if ye plaze." At the Lord Mayor's dinner, a little while ago, Lord BEACONSFIELD spoke of his acknowledging the toast next year as Prime Minister with the same assurance that he brushed aside Lord GRANVILLE's damaging speech in the House of Lords, at the close of the session, as a "few amiable remarks." This impudence, if the word may be permitted, has infected others to that degree that even on this side of the ocean, looking at the situation in England, it has been supposed that the best result of the election would be the mere reduction of the ministerial majority. This was certainly the general tone of the press in England even upon the Liberal side. Mr. GLADSTONE, indeed, was of another opinion, and in December he said that the Tory government would soon fall; but, as usual, he was supposed to be "wild" by men of narrower perception and of less courage. It is amusing to see the air of arrogant confidence with which the Tory papers began their comments as the elections approached. The London *Times*, alluding to Lord HARTINGTON's speech, and meaning Mr. GLADSTONE, said: "Contrasted with the violence, the inflamed and turgid emotion, of some orators of the opposition, Lord HARTINGTON's tone is worthy of approval and imitation. Calmness and sobriety are, at the present crisis in the fortunes of the Liberal party, infinitely more valuable than vehement denunciations, casuistic subtleties of reasoning, and elaborated epigrams. Lord HARTINGTON has a difficult task to perform, which it is, nevertheless, indispensable for him to confront and go through. It is not for the advantage of the country that the Liberal party should be reduced to a helpless and despairing state, like the Whigs during the Napoleonic wars, or that Lord BEACONSFIELD should be placed upon an inaccessible height of power." This last danger seems to have been effectually avoided. The *Times* is supposed to reflect current sentiment, but obviously, as the *Spectator* remarks, it is very easy to live in England and know little or nothing of the real opinion of England.

The result of the election in San Francisco also illustrates the same truth. The tremendous anti-Chinese demonstration in Congress a year ago, the declared unanimity of the local opinion of the Pacific slope upon the subject, the election of KALLOCH, the Sand Lot candidate for Mayor, the recent truculence of KEARNEY, and the apparent necessity of extreme if not extra-legal measures—all indicated a very dangerous and critical emergency. But an election is held, and the "law and order" party is discovered to be the immense majority. Public opinion, in fact, is strongly hostile to what it was feared that it favored. We do not mean, of course—and we must not be so interpreted—that the election in San Francisco shows a real diminution in the anti-Chinese feeling. That is a wholly different thing. Nobody in this part of the country doubts in the least that a quarter like the Chinese quarter in San Francisco is a very serious misfortune to any great city, and is justly a matter of the highest concern. The satisfaction is that the intelligent opinion of the city will not tolerate a mob cure for any such evil, and demands that, however pressing an emergency may be, it shall have only a legal and orderly solution. This we believe to be the general and truly conservative sentiment of the country upon all questions, and we therefore deprecate anything, especially among Republicans, which seems to favor and even to anticipate extra-legal action. Those who suppose that public opinion would sustain it are as much in error as they would be in supposing that it would have sustained similar action four years ago. If they believe it, they are only proving, as we are quite sure the event would show, how easy it is to live in a country and know nothing of its real opinion. The same thing is true of Presidential candidates and candidacies. The tendency is always to underrate the public intelligence, and to fancy that the public mind is caught by cries and names, and does not reflect soberly upon the situation, and weigh reasons. We have more faith in popular government. We have no doubt that the general patriotic good sense of this country is at this moment coolly considering our political situation and the question of candidacies, just as the intelligence of England is now seen to have been pondering, although unsuspected, the worth of Jingo cries and a Jingo policy. The action of conventions, nominations, recommendations of all kinds, are at the mercy of the individual voter, if he chooses to exercise his power. This is the great conservative element in our system. If anybody is disposed to think that this country is in danger of being swept heedlessly on to take a dangerous course in this year's elections, let him remember the remark of the *Spectator*, that it is easy to live in a country and know nothing of its opinion.

A JOURNAL RENEWING ITS YOUTH.

MR. THURLOW WEED's interesting article in the Albany *Evening Journal*, upon the completion of the half century since its establishment by him, has attracted general attention. Mr. WEED and his paper were so long a power in the politics of the State that both are invested with great interest, and his reminiscences are a valuable contribution to the political and personal history of New York. But among the chief pleasures which he naturally feels in the prosperity of the journal that he founded must be the consciousness that it has recently renewed its youth, and now wields with extraordinary vigor and to the best public purpose the influence which it has so long enjoyed.

There is probably no paper in the State which affects more deeply the popular opinion of Central and Northern New York, and it is of the utmost importance, therefore, that it should always be what, most happily, it now is. Mr. DAWSON, who was long associated with Mr. WEED, whose editorial experience and sagacity, with a certain natural rectitude of opinion and sympathy, which are among the highest possible qualifications of an editor, has recently returned to the active control of the *Journal*, and he has made it, amid the general applause of the best Republican press of the State, a stalwart advocate of the soundest principles and the wisest policy of the Republican party. The first act of the *Journal* under its present editorship was to save the State and the party from the disgrace of the SMYTH appointment. To do this was to oppose the present management, or "ring," of the party, but the *Journal* did not hesitate, and it is not too much to say that the baffling of the SMYTH nomination was mainly the work of the *Journal*.

This course indicated a general change of attitude upon the part of the paper. It had become, unfortunately for the Republican welfare of the State, under the control of its late able and accomplished editor, practically the organ of the party management which cost the Republicans forty thousand votes at the last election. The *Journal* was the close ally of Mr. SMYTH. It greeted the first message of Governor CORNELL, which was a plain and simple exposition of the condition of the State, as if it had been a state paper of consummate brilliancy and sagacity; and in the same exaggerated strain it magnified and defended all the performances and agents of the machine. All this is wholly changed, and earnest and original Republicans congratulate Mr. WEED as heartily upon the opening of the second half century of his paper as he can congratulate himself. Unswervingly Republican, the *Journal* yet displays the independence without which any party paper becomes a mere organ, and ceases to be a public teacher and leader. It does not confound the principles of the party with the personal objects of politicians in or out of office. It discusses all questions, all measures and men, with perfect freedom while they are still properly subjects of discussion, not opposing or advocating merely because the "ring" favors support or opposition. The signal recuperation of the *Journal* is one of the most encouraging political signs of the times, and we trust that its beneficent power may be long felt in Republican counsels.

THE AMERICAN WAY.

THE newspapers of the same day lately contained three illustrations of the American way of "doing things." It was announced that Miss CAROLINE TALLMAN had built and furnished an Episcopal church in the city, at a cost of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars; that Mr. PALMER, of the Broadway Bank, had bought a Methodist church for seventy-five thousand dollars, and made it a wholly free church of that denomination; and that ex-Senator MORGAN had given one hundred thousand dollars to the Presbyterian Union Theological Seminary, to be used at the discretion of the trustees.

This is a kind of public spirit and generosity of which our annals furnish many honorable examples, and which are to be expected in a country where the government is popular and not paternal. Our political system and our traditions foster self-reliance. They encourage the disposition to depend upon individual action instead of the aid of government. Our colleges are private foundations, and so are many of our charities, and the tendency to limit the functions of the state is one which develops the noblest qualities of manhood and citizenship. The free church, the free school, and the free library should be peculiarly distinctive of the republic. The school must be obviously a common public expense. The state has no Church, and for free churches, therefore, we must look to individual munificence, and to the same for the free library.

It is understood that Mr. MORGAN's gift will be applied to the increase of the library of the seminary. The generous donor has shown his usual sagacity in giving to an institution already well established, and in giving without restrictions. The trustees and management of such institutions know just where and how aid can be made most useful; and if he who gives quickly gives twice, he who gives unconditionally gives wisely. How delightful it would be to know that some other citizen, inspired by a noble emulation of these generous givers, was about to present the admirable Metropolitan Museum of Art with a kindred sum, unfettered by conditions, and with the consciousness that it would be applied to the best possible purpose! The moment we hear the name of this "intending" giver we shall give it the widest and most honorable publicity.

THE ARMS OF NEW YORK.

AN interesting and exhaustive answer has been made by Dr. HOMES, the State Librarian, to a question which very few other citizens of the State could answer, namely, What are the correct arms of the State of New York? He has treated the subject in a historical essay read before the Albany Institute, and now published by the liberality of Mr. THOMAS W. OLCOTT, that it may have a more general circulation than that of the volumes of Transactions of the Institute. Dr. HOMES's essay is very instructive and entertaining, and his conclusions will undoubtedly be accepted as final, although, as he modestly says, we can not say what unsuspected sources of information on the subject may yet be revealed.

The point of interest for the general reader, of course, is Dr. HOMES's conclusion, and not the collations, comparisons, and verifications by which he reaches it. There has been but one device of arms for the State, and that was prepared by a committee of the Provincial Congress of 1777, consisting of three eminent New-Yorkers—LEWIS MORRIS, JOHN JAY, and JOHN SLOSS HOBART; and oddly enough, although laws have been passed at various times requiring a description of the arms to be kept in the office of the Secretary of State, no such description has been ever found, either in manuscript or print. But the strongest evidence of the true device was brought to the attention of Dr. HOMES about two years ago. This was a copy of the arms as engraved upon a military commission signed by Governor GEORGE CLINTON, and dated in July, 1778, about three months after the adoption of the device of Messrs. MORRIS, JAY, and HOBART. Two other specimens of the arms of a later date are known, one upon the flag of the Third New York Regiment, in the Revolution, and the other from a painting which hung over Governor CLINTON's pew in St. Paul's Chapel, in the city of New York. These vary in some details from the copy upon the commission, but they are all meant evidently to represent the same device.

The arms of New York, then, are: *shield*—a shore, then smooth water beyond, with a ship and a sloop advancing toward each other; a farther shore, with three mountains, over which two-thirds of a sun is shining: *crest*—an eagle standing upon a globe showing the coast of the Old and the New Worlds: *supporters*—on the right, a figure of Liberty, with the cap on her head and a crown under her left foot; on the left, a figure of Justice blindfolded, with the sword in one hand and the scales in the other: *motto*—the word *Excelsior*. These arms were set forth on seals and in the vignettes of books for forty years, but in the absence of any known authoritative description, they have been changed and modified, so that even in the stately Assembly Chamber of the new Capitol they are carved in stone incorrectly. Indeed, except for this careful monograph of Dr. HOMES, containing the result of methodical research, all accurate knowledge of them would doubtless have been lost. Not the least interesting part of his pamphlet is that which contains Dr. HOMES's view of the real motive of the arms, which he believes to be a representation of a sun rising upon the Hudson River, the cleft in the Appalachian range the path of the empire assured to the State by a natural highway between the heart of the continent and the sea. As he suggests, a correct description should now be filed in the Secretary's office; a steel plate should be likewise engraved and preserved, and a painting on canvas should be suspended in the Executive Chamber to familiarize the public mind with the symbolic arms of the State.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the most opulent as well as most liberal men in Ireland is Sir ARTHUR GUINNESS, the great brewer of Dublin. At the recent election he was a successful candidate for re-election. Before the election some persons were chaffing each other about the candidates, when one of them asked, apropos of the parties, "Who has the longer purse?" "I don't know," was the answer, "but Sir ARTHUR has a double-X-chequer."

—Professor NORDENSKJÖLD, the successful arctic explorer, has succeeded in Japan in buying a collection of very valuable Japanese books. These works number 1036, but as no volume contains more than one hundred pages, according to the Japanese style, each work comprises many volumes, and the whole collection embraces over one hundred thousand separate volumes. Of these works, 106 are of a historical character; 161 relate to Buddhism and education; 1, printed in 1715, to the Christian religion; and 33 are devoted to manners and customs.

—Mr. E. HASKET DERBY, of Boston, recently deceased, was largely interested in statistical topics, and especially in the development of the national wealth of the country. Few men knew so much with regard to these points. The Boston *Gazette* says of him: "He had remarkable facility with his pen, and rare fluency of speech in their treatment. There was much knowledge to be obtained from him; indeed, we know of no man whose writings and addresses are of more value to the student of these aspects of later and recent history. Among his latest published essays are articles in the various magazines of the country, one of these, on the 'Navy of the United States,' appearing in the April number of HARPER'S MONTHLY."

—General LORIS MELIKOFF, the new Russian military dictator, is a handsome soldier, with black curly hair, large, dark, sparkling eyes, a bronzed complexion, and features which, without being quite regular, are comely and refined. His manners are polished and extremely affable, his conversation lively and easy. He has been one of the most successful of the military governors who have been invested with supreme power in their districts during the last year. He is a man of great and varied accomplishments. In addition to his native language, Armenian, he is familiar with and speaks Russian, French, Turkish, and Persian, but not German and English. The wife of General MELIKOFF was one of the greatest beauties of her day; his eldest daughter is a remarkable pianist; his two sons are pages at court. The General is said to be a model parent, giving up his entire income to his wife and children, merely reserving for himself his pay.

—A memorial window to the late HARRY J. MONTAGUE, the actor, has been placed in "the Little Church Around the Corner" by Mr. ROBERT HARGOUS. It represents a pilgrim, and is inscribed with lines from a hymn that was a favorite with Mr. MONTAGUE.

—The Washington correspondent of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, describing some of the judges of the United States Supreme Court, says: "Justice STRONG has the spare form and refined face of an ascetic. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church, a rigid observer of his religious duties, a strong temperance man, and a model husband and father. Judge BRADLEY is of short stature, scholarly, and very courteous. He looks very wise and very severe while on the bench. Judge HARLAN has a boyish, smooth face, full of good-humor and kindness. He maintains majestic gravity during an argument. Judge CLIFFORD has a rosy, benevolent face, and his large white neckcloth sets off the sombreness of his silk gown. Mr. Justice CLIFFORD has the most exalted idea of the court, ranking it next to heaven. He would readily pass for a worthy bishop, and never tolerates anything bordering on liberty. Judge SWAYNE is portly, and has an intellectual head and face. Judge MILLER has a large, ponderous frame, and is the embodiment of legal lore and the responsibilities of his high office."

—Father DOANE, Vicar-General of the Diocese of Newark, New Jersey, has received from the Pope the title of Monsignore. This title is simply an honorary one, bestowed upon those who are recognized as members of the Pope's household, though not necessarily resident at Rome. It also confers the right to wear the scarlet cape and cap, and at a diocesan synod or public gathering of ecclesiastics gives him the right of precedence. But it neither gives him pecuniary emolument nor invests him with any right whatever superior to those of the simple priest who has charge of a parish. At the celebration of the mass he enjoys almost the privileges of a bishop. The same dignity has for some years been enjoyed by Monsignore SETON, also of New Jersey.

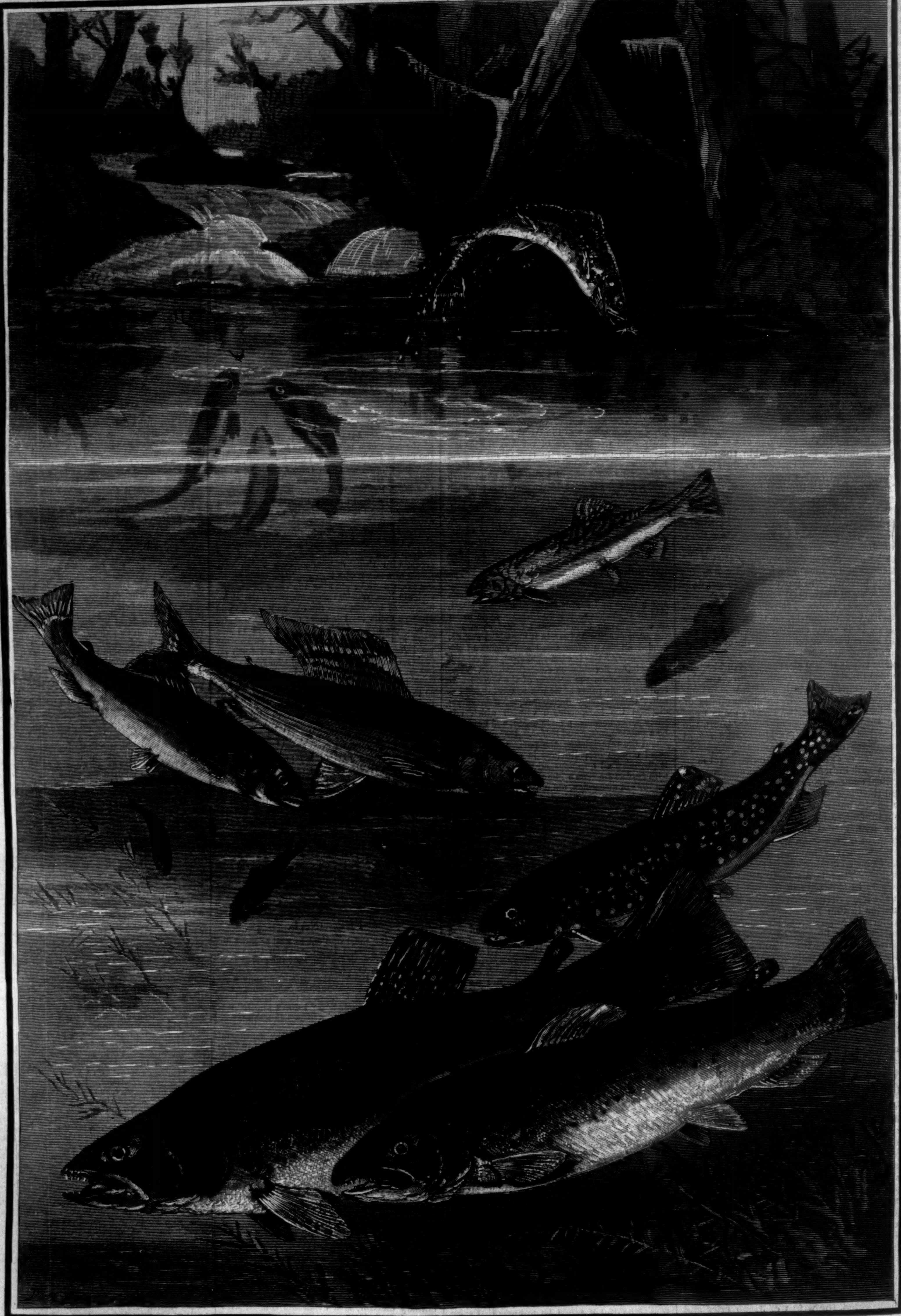
—CAMPANINI, the famous tenor, whose portrait was published in a recent number of the WEEKLY, has had conferred upon him by the King of Italy the order of the Crown of Italy, and the insignia of the royal order, mounted in gold and jewels, is now on its way to New York. The honor is the most distinguished that can be conferred upon an Italian in civil life, and King HUMBERT has happily given it to a princely young gentleman, and the very foremost of living tenors and actors.

—Few artists have been better paid than M. GEORDIGIANI, of Florence, who recently painted, in two hours and a half, an excellent likeness of a prominent Philadelphian, for which he was paid $600—about four dollars a minute.

—Professor DAVID SWING, in his recent essay on "The Failure of the Southern Pulpit," says that for eloquence, power, and ethical teaching, the American pulpit has its highest models in New York and Brooklyn.

—President HAYES, in an article by General BOYNTON, is said to be a close student of all phases of public affairs, and an industrious reader of the histories of previous administrations. He is a strong and clear talker, and has decided ideas on all questions, which he expresses with force to those with whom he feels free to talk. He frequently walks in the morning, and rides for a time before dinner, and thus, by much exercise in the open air, he maintains his strength for the long siege of each day's listening to the countless applicants who pass in and out of his room in ceaseless procession for six days of the week. He carries on a large private correspondence, and writes his own important messages and state papers. Much of this work he performs before breakfast. Callers on public business are received from ten o'clock; and business hours, either for the public or for members of Congress, do not cease till three o'clock. Cabinet officers and members of the press upon urgent business and others by special appointment are received at any time up to ten o'clock, and sometimes as late as eleven o'clock at night. All working-days are thus filled with business of the most varied and often perplexing character. And yet through it all the President maintains unvarying equanimity, and the endless routine does not wear upon him.

—The Earl of Dunmore, who has recently been the recipient of much hospitality and attention in New York, is the most extensive stock-raiser in Scotland, though he only began the business some twelve years ago. He has 30,000 acres in Scotland. He is a son-in-law of the Earl of Leicester, son of the famous "COKE, of Norfolk," one of the foremost of England's agriculturists. In earlier life he was in the Guards, and his good looks and attractive manners left an indelible impression on Canadian ladies when he was in the Dominion with his regiment. His mother was one of the handsome daughters of the Earl of Pembroke by his second wife, daughter of Prince WORONZOW (Russian Ambassador in England), and consequently sister of the lamented Lord SIDNEY HERBERT. Lord DUNMORE's uncle, Sir C. A. MURRAY (author of the *Prairie Bird*), married first a sister of General WADSWORTH, of Geneseo, New York. A few months ago Lord DUNMORE behaved with most conspicuous gallantry in rescuing several persons from drowning. A gun accident deprived him in 1871 of one of his eyes, and there were grave apprehensions, happily unfulfilled, that it might affect the other. The earl has gone to Montana, where he proposes to buy several thousand acres of land, and stock the same with several thousand head of Texas cattle. He intends to import 200 or 300 bulls of his own favorite breed, and is sanguine of raising stock second to none. The ulterior object is money-making by shipping beef to England by the refrigerating process.



THE SPECKLED BEAUTY OF THE BROOKS.—Drawn by Daniel C. Beard.—[See next Page.]

THE COFFEE PLANT.

THE MEXICAN COFFEE REGION.

The picturesque old Mexican city of Cordova, dating its origin back to the year 1618, lies in an open plain surrounded by great mountains. The railroad leaves it a little to the right, and in a deeper vale, so that only its dirty church towers and domes are visible to the eye of the traveller at a distance. The population is now about 10,000, but was formerly much greater. The location is on a hill or ridge, affording the means of good drainage, and this, with the natural salubrity of the mountain climate, makes it a healthful place to live in. A century ago the surrounding country was highly cultivated, as is shown by the ruined haciendas and overgrown fields that testify of the industry of by-gone generations. In those days the pioneers cultivated the banana, the nopal, the maguey (which gave drink and clothing), and oranges. The sugar-cane was also largely planted, and as far back as 1757 some thirty-two sugar mills were in operation at this point, though these were probably small. Numerous distilleries were also operated, producing aguadiente. Tobacco, too, was a staple product. These made Cordova famous and rich; but the city was spoiled in war, and is now only beginning, under the stimulus of the railroad, to redeem itself.

The coffee haciendas line the road-side. The bush is usually small, not over six or eight feet high, and spreading out like a barberry bush. The berry is scattered over it, having a reddish tint, sometimes quite light. It is picked of this color, and ripened to its familiar brown by exposure on mats. You see it spread out in the door-yards, for this is its harvest-time. The sun is too hot for the coffee-tree, and so they plant bananas and other taller and thick-leaved trees among it to shade it from the direct rays. It wants heat, but not light.

The Mexican coffee is among the best in the world, the best Colima berry at the west coast selling as high as a dollar and a half a pound.

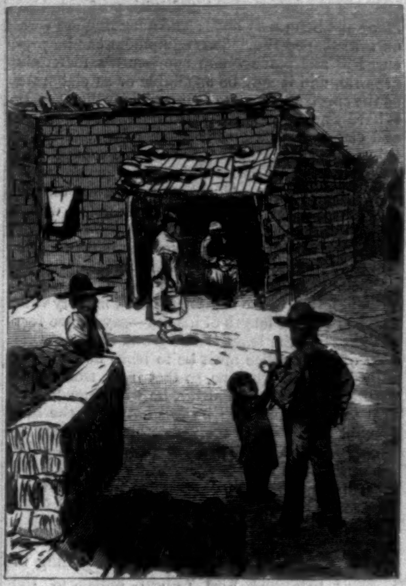
RIDE THROUGH A BANANA GROVE.

It is prepared very strong, and then served up with two-thirds hot milk, if you are not acclimated. As you become so, the proportion of milk disappears, until it is well-nigh all coffee. But the coffee-house boys always bring two pots, one of coffee, one of hot milk, and pour at your pleasure. Here, too, one of Dr. Holmes's proofs of the Millennium is satisfactorily settled:

> "When what we pay for, that we drink,
> From juice of grape to coffee-bean."

The juice of grape is still here a fabulous beverage. Logwood is too plenty, and grapes too few. But the coffee *is* coffee. As Thurlow Weed says he always eats sausage serenely in Cincinnati, because there hog is cheaper than dog, so here coffee is more plentiful than chiccory or peas, and one can feel assured that he tastes the real article. It will become more and more an article of export, and replace the Rio berry, to which it is far superior in flavor and softness, even if it does not rival the Java and Mocha.

General Grant and his party, on the occasion of their visit to Cordova, enjoyed a horseback ride through the coffee region, under the escort of a detachment of cavalry. Several hours were devoted to the inspection of the method of cultivating the aromatic plant. The cavalcade, passing through the long and devious lanes of the plantations, the great plantain leaves bending and meeting overhead, presented a rare and beautiful scene. Sometimes winding down precipitous and scarcely practicable paths, it required all the caution of as bold a cavalier as the hero of the ride of Winchester to hold the saddle. At one point, where rest was taken, a superb view opened to the eye, embracing the entire mountain-compassed valley, which is bisected by the small Rio Seco (Dry River), and overshadowed on its further side by the peak of Orizaba, forty miles away. Here, too, pine-apples budded down the slope. Along the roadways and by-paths Indian women toiled in the sun, spreading the coffee out upon mats to dry. Under this treatment the pretty, bright scarlet berries soon lose their color, and are turned to a dingy brown, and the sweet gelatine in which the twin seeds are bathed is absorbed. A strong-limbed man beats the berries in a rude mortar with a heavy pestle until all of the hulls are loosed. The beans after separation are packed in sacks, and taken to the dépôt upon the backs of *burros*. Formerly these useful little beasts conveyed the coffee all over the realm. Now the railroad has opened new markets, and within a few years Mexican coffee has come into active competition with Rio and Java. One thousand sacks consigned to New York merchants arrived by a late steamer.



A MEXICAN HOME.

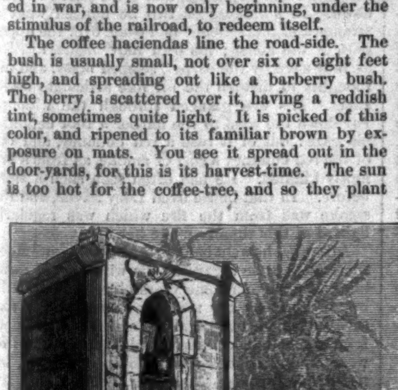
Statements of the amount of coffee produced here annually are very contradictory, but it is certain that the quantity is upon the increase. Reference has already been made to the deliciousness of the beverage as prepared by the Mexicans, and the method of preparation is worth knowing. A tall and conical tin pot is divided into two compartments by a disk about midway. This is pierced by numerous fine holes. The coffee, ground very fine, is placed in the top, and covered with boiling water. A rich syrup drops through the minute holes to the lower receptacle. This, being very strong, is reduced by an equal or greater bulk of hot milk or cream, and a lump or so of clay-refined light gray sugar added. Then the dish is ready, and is "fit for the king."

A pretty feature of these rude country roads is found in the frequent way-side shrines, dedicated to some particular saint, whose devotees bring offerings of fruit and flowers, and bend the knee, regardless of dust or mud, before the object of their adoration.

TROUT-FISHING.

The beautiful speckled fish known as the brook trout has been in all ages the special favorite with anglers. Poets have sung its praises in mellifluous verse; students, statesmen, divines, warriors, delight in the exhilarating recreation which its pursuit and capture afford. "It possibly," says a well-known writer on the subject, "calls forth more tact and discipline of both mind and body to successfully invent and present the lures most captivating to it than any other fresh-water fish." In many countries the trout and salmon are the only varieties of game fish that interest the angler; and while salmon-fishing may justly be regarded as the highest branch of fresh-water sport, yet it has been truly said by Mr. Francis Francis that "a good trout-fisher will easily become an expert at salmon-fishing, but a very respectable practitioner with the salmon rod will often have all his schooling to do afresh, should he descend to trout-fishing, before he can take rank as a master of the art."

The outfit of the trout-fisher consists, in general, of a split bamboo rod about twelve and a half feet in length, furnished with a click reel; a line of braided silk and hair thirty yards in length; a wicker basket, with sliding shoulder-pad for the



A SHRINE IN THE COFFEE LAND.

DRYING AND HULLING COFFEE.

GENERAL GRANT IN MEXICO—VISIT TO A COFFEE PLANTATION.—From Sketches by Frank H. Taylor.

strap; a tin bait box, painted, with perforated lid and waist belt; a fly hook; and a landing-net with an oval-shaped rim. This equipment can be procured at any place where sportsmen's materials are sold, and it may be as simple or as elaborate as the sportsman's taste or means may dictate. It is hardly necessary to add that the most expensive and elaborate tackle will not make a good trout-fisher, except in connection with the mental and physical characteristics which every good sportsman must possess. The most perfect rod and fly will lure the speckled beauty in vain unless wielded by the hand of a master.

To cast a fly gracefully, so that it may alight in the right place on the surface, like a living insect, requires natural aptitude and long and patient practice. The beginner should first try with a line about the length of his rod—say twelve feet—increasing the length as he grows expert. One part of his practice must be to learn how to cast a perfectly straight line, so that if the trout misses the fly on the first strike, he will immediately rise to it again, which he will not do if the line lies slack on the surface. Another advantage of the straight line is that the slightest touch on the fly is felt at once by the angler.

When the beginner has learned to lay out thirty feet of his line straight, without a bend from the tip of his rod to the fly, he may count himself a fly-fisher. Overhand and under casts will be his next practice, in order, when wading in streams overhung with willows, alders, or the branches of bordering trees, he may throw his line without danger of its being entangled over his head. A word about his costume. His dress should be either green, to harmonize with the foliage, or gray, to harmonize with the shade of rocks. He should be provided with Scotch wading stockings or wading boots, and a cape of water-proof silk may be carried in the pocket, to be put over the shoulders in case of a shower. It is light, and does not impede the arms in casting.

The trout is one of the most beautiful of our Northern fishes. It varies in length from eight to twenty inches, and its markings are peculiarly brilliant and varied. The scales are imperceptible to the naked eye. The fins are soft-rayed, except the second dorsal, which is adipose. The tail is nearly straight across the end. The meat is generally pinky or salmon-colored, laminating in flakes, between which, when the fish is in good condition, there is a curd-like leaf of creamy succulency. Our illustration on page 260 shows several varieties of trout, from different sections of this country and from Europe. They were drawn by our artist at Mr. BLACKFORD's fine display on the opening of the present season, April 1. The first, at the top of the page, is a specimen of Long Island trout, from Oak Dale; the one to the right of the small group is a hybrid between the California salmon and the brook trout, with the markings peculiar to each. To the left of this is a grayling, distinguished by the size and shape of its rather ungainly dorsal fin. On the extreme left is a trout imported by Mr. BLACKFORD from Paris. Of the three lower specimens, the first was exhibited by the Hon. THOMAS CLAPHAM, Roslyn, Long Island; the second was sent by B. B. REDDING, Commissioner of Fisheries, from McCloud River, California. It has several peculiarities, among which are the black spots, thickest at the head and tail, red stripes, widest at the middle, and a paucity of red spots. The last specimen, called the "Dolly Varden," was sent from the United States Commissioners' hatching-house on the above-named river. It is short, round, and rather dumpy, with red blotches instead of the clear bright spots that characterize the graceful brook trout of our Northern streams.

FELLOW-TOWNSMEN.

BY THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," "THE DISTRACTED YOUNG PREACHER," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

HE did so, to the letter; and though, as the crocus followed the snow-drop, and the daffodil the crocus, in Lucy's garden, the harbor road was a not unpleasant place to walk in, Barnet's feet never trod its stones, much less approached her door. He avoided a saunter that way as he would have avoided a dangerous dram, and took his airings a long distance northward, among severely square and brown ploughed fields, where no other townsman came. Sometimes he went round by the lower lanes of the borough, where the rope-walks stretched in which his family formerly had share, and looked at the rope-makers walking backward, overhung by apple-trees and bushes, and intruded on by cows and calves, as if trade had established itself there at considerable inconvenience to nature.

One morning, when the sun was so warm as to raise a steam from the southeastern slopes of those flanking hills that looked so lovely above the old roofs, but made every low-chimneyed house in the town as smoky as Tophet, Barnet glanced from the windows of the town-council room, for lack of interest in what was proceeding within. Several members of the corporation were present, but there was not much business doing, and in a few minutes Downe came leisurely across to him, saying that he seldom saw Barnet now.

Barnet owned that he was not often present.

Downe looked at the crimson curtain which hung down beside the panes, reflecting its hot hues into their faces, and then out of the window. At that moment there passed along the street a tall, commanding lady, in whom the solicitor recognized Barnet's wife. Barnet had done the same thing, and turned away.

"It will be all right some day," said Downe, with cheering sympathy.

"You have heard, then, of her last outbreak?"

Downe depressed his cheerfulness to its very reverse in a moment. "No, I have not heard of anything serious," he said, with as long a face as one naturally round could be turned into at short notice. "I only hear vague reports of such things."

"You may think it will be all right," said Barnet, dryly. "But I have a different opinion.... No, Downe, we must look the thing in the face. Not poppy nor mandragora— However, how are your wife and children?"

Downe said that they were all well, thanks; they were out that morning somewhere; he was just looking to see if they were walking that way. Ah, there they were, just coming down the street; and Downe pointed to the figures of two children with a nurse-maid, and a lady walking behind them. "You will come out and speak to her?" he asked.

"Not this morning. The fact is, I don't care to speak to anybody just now."

"You are too sensitive, Mr. Barnet. At school I remember you used to get as red as a rose if anybody uttered a word that hurt your feelings."

Barnet mused. "Yes," he admitted, "there is a grain of truth in that. It is because of that I often try to make peace at home. Life would be tolerable then, at any rate, even if not particularly bright."

"I have thought more than once of proposing a little plan to you," said Downe, with some hesitation. "I don't know whether it will meet your views, but take it or leave it, as you choose. In fact, it was my wife who suggested it: that she would be very glad to call on Mrs. Barnet, and get into her confidence. She seems to think that Mrs. Barnet is rather alone in the town, and without advisers. Her impression is that your wife will listen to reason. Emily has a wonderful way of winning the hearts of people of her own sex."

"And of the other sex too, I think. She is a charming woman, and you were a lucky fellow to find her."

"Well, perhaps I was," simpered Downe, trying to wear an aspect of being the last man in the world to feel pride. "However, she will be likely to find out what ruffles Mrs. Barnet. Perhaps it is some misunderstanding, you know—something that she is too proud to ask you to explain, or some little thing in your conduct that irritates her because she does not fully comprehend you. The truth is, Emily would have been more ready to make advances if she had been quite sure of her fitness for Mrs. Barnet's society, who has of course been accustomed to London people of good position, which made Emily fearful of intruding."

Barnet expressed his warmest thanks for the well-intentioned proposition. There was reason in Mrs. Downe's fear—that he owned. "But do let her call," he said. "There is no woman in England I would so soon trust on such an errand. I am afraid there will not be any brilliant result; still, I shall take it as the kindest and nicest thing if she will try it, and not be frightened at a repulse."

When Barnet and Downe had parted, the former went to the town savings-bank, of which he was a trustee, and endeavored to forget his troubles in the contemplation of low sums of money, and figures in a net-work of red and blue lines. He sat and watched the working people making their deposits, to which at intervals he signed his name. Before he left in the afternoon Downe put his head inside the door.

"Emily has seen Mrs. Barnet," he said, in a low voice. "She has got Mrs. Barnet's promise to take her for a drive down to the shore to-morrow, if it is fine. Good-afternoon."

Barnet shook Downe by the hand without speaking, and Downe went away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day was as fine as the arrangement could possibly require. As the sun passed the meridian and declined westward, the tall shadows from the scaffold poles of Barnet's rising residence streaked the ground as far as to the middle of the highway. Barnet himself was there inspecting the progress of the works for the first time during several weeks. A building in an old-fashioned town five-and-thirty years ago did not, as in the modern fashion, rise from the sod like a booth at a fair. The foundations and lower courses were put in and allowed to settle for many weeks before the superstructure was run up, and a whole summer of drying was hardly sufficient to do justice to the important issues involved. Barnet stood within a window niche which had as yet received no frame, and thence looked down a slope into the road. The wheels of a chaise were heard, and then his handsome Xantippe, in the company of Mrs. Downe, drove past on their way to the shore. They were driving slowly; there was a pleasing light in Mrs. Downe's face, which seemed faintly to reflect itself upon the countenance of her companion—that *politesse du cœur* which was so natural to her having possibly begun already to work results. But whatever the situation, Barnet resolved not to interfere, or do anything to hazard the glory of the day. He might well afford to trust the issue to another when he could never direct it but to ill himself. His wife's clinched rein hand, in its lemon-colored glove, her stiff erect figure, clad in velvet and lace, and her boldly outlined face, passed on, exhibiting their owner as one fixed forever above the level of her companion—socially by her early breeding, and materially by her higher cushion.

Barnet decided to allow them a proper time to themselves, and then stroll down to the shore and drive them home. After lingering on at the house for another hour, he started with this intention. A few hundred yards below "Château Kingdale" stood the cottage in which the late lieutenant's daughter had her lodging. Barnet had not been so far that way for a long time, and as he approached the forbidden ground a curious warmth passed into him, which led him to perceive that, unless he were careful, he might have to fight the battle with himself about Lucy over again. A tenth of his present excuse would, however, have justified him in travelling by that road to-day.

He came opposite the dwelling, and turned his eyes for a momentary glance into the little garden that stretched from the palings to the door. Lucy was in the inclosure; she was walking, and stooping to gather some flowers, possibly for the purpose of painting them, for she moved about quickly, as if anxious to save time. She did not see him; he might have passed unnoticed; but a sensation which was not in strict unison with his previous sentiments that day led him to pause in his tread and watch her. She went nimbly round and round the beds of anemones, tulips, jonquils, polyanthuses, and other old-fashioned flowers, looking a very charming figure in her half-mourning bonnet, and with an incomplete nosegay in her left hand. Raising herself to pull down a lilac blossom she observed him.

"Mr. Barnet!" she said, innocently smiling. "Why, I have been thinking of you so many times since your pony-carriage went by, and now here you are!"

"Yes, Lucy," he said.

Then she seemed to recall particulars of their last meeting, and he believed that she flushed, though it might have been only the fancy of his own supersensitiveness.

"I am going to the harbor," he added.

"Are you?" Lucy remarked, simply. "A great many people begin to go there, now the summer is drawing on."

Her face had come more into his view as she spoke, and he noticed how much thinner and paler it was than when he had seen it last. "Lucy, how weary you look! tell me, can I help you?" he was going to cry out.... "If I do," he thought, "it will be the ruin of us both!" He merely said that the afternoon was fine, and went on his way.

As he went, a sudden blast of air came over the hill as if in contradiction to his words, and spoiled the previous quiet of the scene. The wind had already shifted violently, and now smelled of the sea.

The harbor road soon began to justify its name. A gap appeared in the rampart of hills which shut out the sea, and on the left of the opening rose a vertical cliff, colored a burning orange by the sunlight, the companion cliff on the right being livid in shade. Between these cliffs, like the Libyan bay which sheltered the shipwrecked Trojans, was a little haven, seemingly a beginning made by Nature herself of a perfect harbor, which appealed to the passer-by as only requiring a little human industry to finish it and make it famous; the ground on each side as far back as the daisied slopes that bounded the interior valley being a mere layer of blown sand. But the burgesses a mile inland had, in the course of ten centuries, responded many times to that mute appeal, with the result that the tides had invariably choked up their works with sand and shingle as soon as completed. There were but few houses here: a rough pier, a few boats, some stores, an inn, a residence or two, a ketch unloading in the harbor, were the chief features of the settlement. On the open ground by the shore stood his wife's pony-carriage, empty, the boy in buttons holding the horse.

When Barnet drew nearer, he saw an indigo-colored spot moving swiftly along beneath the radiant base of the eastern cliff, which proved to be a man in a jersey, running with all his might. He held up his hand to Barnet, as it seemed, and they approached each other. The man was about seven-and-thirty, and a stranger to him.

"What is it, my man?" said Barnet.

"A terrible calamity!" the boatman hastily explained. Two ladies had been capsized in a boat; they were Mrs. Downe and Mrs. Barnet, of the old town; they had driven down there that afternoon; they had alighted, and it was so fine that, after walking about a little while, they had been tempted to go out for a short sail round the cliff. Just as they were putting in to the shore, the wind shifted with a sudden gust, the boat listed over, and it was thought they were both drowned. How it could have happened was beyond his mind to tell, for John Green knew how to sail a boat as well as any man there.

"Which is the way to the place?" said Barnet.

It was just round the cliff.

"Run to the carriage, and tell the boy to bring it to the place as soon as you can. Then go to the Harbor Inn, and tell them to ride to town for a doctor. Have they been got out of the water?"

"One lady has."

"Which?"

"Mrs. Barnet. Mrs. Downe, it is feared, has fleeted out to sea."

Barnet ran on to that part of the shore which the cliff had hitherto obscured from his view, and there discerned, a long way ahead, a group of fishermen standing. As soon as he came up, one or two recognized him, and not liking to meet his eye, turned aside with misgiving. He went amidst them, and saw a small sailing-boat prostrate at the water's edge, and on the sloping shingle beside it a soaked and sandy woman's form in the velvet habiliments and yellow gloves of his wife.

CHAPTER V.

ALL had been done that could be done. Mrs. Barnet was in her own house under medical hands, but the result was still uncertain. Barnet had acted as if devotion to his wife were the dominant passion of his existence. There had been much to decide—whether to attempt restoration of the apparently lifeless body as it lay on the shore—whether to carry her to the Harbor Inn—whether to drive with her at once to his own house. The first course, with no skilled help or appliances near at hand, had seemed hopeless. The second course would have occupied nearly as much time as a drive to the town, owing to the intervening ridges of shingle, and the necessity of crossing the harbor by boat to get to the house, added to which much time must have elapsed before a doctor could have arrived down there. By bringing her home in the carriage some precious moments had slipped by; but she had been laid in her own bed in seven minutes, a doctor called to her side, and every possible restorative brought to bear upon her.

At what a tearing pace he had driven up that road, through the yellow evening sunlight, the shadows flapping irksomely into his eyes as each way-side object rushed past between him and the west! Tired workmen with their baskets at their backs had turned on their homeward journey to wonder at his speed. Half way between the shore and the town he had met Charlson, who had been the first surgeon to hear of the accident. He was accompanied by his assistant in a gig. Barnet had sent on the latter to the coast in case that Downe's poor wife should by that time have been reclaimed from the waves, and had brought Charlson back with him to the house.

Barnet's presence was not needed here, and he felt it to be his next duty to set off at once and find Downe, that no other than himself might break the news to him.

He was quite sure that no chance had been lost for Mrs. Downe by his leaving the shore. By the time that Mrs. Barnet had been laid in the carriage, a much larger group had assembled to lend assistance in finding her friend, rendering his own help superfluous. But the duty of breaking the news was made doubly painful by the circumstance that the catastrophe which had befallen Mrs. Downe was solely the result of her own and her husband's loving-kindness toward himself.

He found Downe in his office. When the solicitor comprehended the intelligence he turned pale, stood up, and remained for a moment perfectly still, as if bereft of his faculties; then his shoulders heaved, he pulled out his handkerchief, and began to cry like a child. His sobs might have been heard in the next room. He seemed to have no idea of going to the shore, or of doing anything; but when Barnet took him gently by the hand, and proposed to start at once, he quietly acquiesced, neither uttering any further word nor making any effort to repress his tears.

Barnet accompanied him to the shore, where, finding that no trace had as yet been seen of Mrs. Downe, and that his stay would be of no avail, he left Downe with his friends and the young doctor, and once more hastened back to his own house.

At the door he met Charlson. "Well?" Barnet said.

"I have just come down," said the doctor. "We have done everything, but without result. I sympathize with you in your bereavement."

Barnet did not much appreciate Charlson's sympathy, which sounded to his ears as something of a mockery from the lips of a man who knew what Charlson knew about their domestic relations. Indeed, there seemed an odd spark in Charlson's full black eye as he said the words; but that might have been imaginary.

"And, Mr. Barnet," Charlson resumed, "that little matter between us—I hope to settle it finally in three weeks at most."

"Never mind that now," said Barnet, abruptly. He directed the surgeon to go to the harbor, in case his services might even now be necessary there; and himself entered the house.

The servants were coming from his wife's chamber, looking helplessly at each other and at him. He passed them by, and entered the room, where he stood mutely regarding the bed for a few minutes, after which he walked into his wife's dressing-room adjoining, and there paced up and down. In a minute or two he noticed what a strange and total silence had come over the upper part of the house; his own movements, muffled as they were by the carpet, seemed noisy, and his thoughts to disturb the air like articulate utterances. His eye glanced through the window. Far down the road to the harbor a roof detained his gaze: out of it rose a red chimney, and out of the red chimney a curl of smoke, as from a fire newly kindled. He had often seen such a sight before. In that house lived Lucy Savile, and the smoke was from the fire which was regularly lighted at this time to make her tea.

After that he went back to the bedroom and stood there some time regarding his wife's silent form. She was a woman some years older than himself, but had not by any means overpassed the maturity of good looks and vigor. Her passionate features, well defined, firm, and statuesque in life, were doubly so now: her mouth and brow, beneath her purplish-black hair, showed only too clearly that the turbulency of character which had made a bear-garden of his house had been no temporary phase of her existence. While he reflected, he suddenly said to himself, "I wonder if all has been done?"

The thought was led up to by his having fancied that his wife's features lacked in its complete form the expression which he had been accustomed to associate with the faces of those whose spirits have fled forever. The effacement of life was not so marked but that, entering uninformed, he might have supposed her sleeping. Her complexion was that seen in the numerous faded portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds; it was pallid in comparison with life, but there was visible on a close inspection the remnant of what had once been a flush; the keeping between the cheeks and the hollows of the face being thus preserved, although positive color was gone. Long orange rays of evening sun stole in through chinks in the blind, striking on the large mirror, and being thence reflected upon the crimson hangings and wood-work of the heavy bedstead, so that the general tone of light was remarkably warm; and it was probable that something might be due to this circumstance. Still, the fact impressed him

as strange. Charlson had been gone more than a quarter of an hour: could it be possible that he had left too soon, and that his attempts to restore her had operated so sluggishly as only now to have made themselves felt? Barnet laid his hand upon her chest, and fancied that ever and anon a faint flutter of palpitation, gentle as that of a butterfly's wing, disturbed the stillness there—ceasing for a time, then struggling to go on, then breaking down in weakness, and ceasing again.

Barnet's mother had been an active practitioner of the healing art among her poorer neighbors, and her inspirations had all been derived from an octavo volume of Domestic Medicine, which at this moment was lying, as it had lain for many years, on a shelf in Barnet's dressing-room. He hastily fetched it, and there read, under the head "Drowning":

"Exertions for the recovery of any person who has not been immersed for a longer period than half an hour should be continued for at least four hours, as there have been many cases in which returning life has made itself visible even after a longer interval.

"Should, however, a weak action of any of the organs show itself when the case seems almost hopeless, our efforts must be redoubled; the feeble spark in this case requires to be solicited; it will certainly disappear under a relaxation of labor."

Barnet looked at his watch; it was now barely two hours and a half from the time when he had first heard of the accident. He threw aside the book, and turned quickly to reach a stimulant which had previously been used. Pulling up the blind for more light, his eye glanced out of the window. There he saw that red chimney still smoking cheerily, and that roof, and through the roof that somebody. His mechanical movements stopped, his hand remained on the blind-cord, and he seemed to become breathless, as if he had suddenly found himself treading a high rope.

While he stood, a sparrow lighted on the window-sill, saw him, and flew away. Next a man and a dog walked over one of the green hills which bulged above the roofs of the town. But Barnet took no notice.

We find ourselves wondering what were the exact images that passed through his mind during those minutes of gazing upon Lucy Savile's house, the sparrow, the man, and the dog, and Lucy Savile's house again. There are honest men who will not admit to their thoughts, even as idle hypotheses, views of the future that assume as done a deed which they would recoil from doing; and there are other honest men, for whom morality ends at the surface of their own heads, who will deliberate what the first will not so much as suppose. Barnet had a wife whose presence distracted his home; she now lay as in death; by merely doing nothing—by letting the intelligence which had gone forth to the world lie undisturbed—he would effect such a deliverance for himself as he had never hoped for, and open up an opportunity of which till now he had never dreamed. Whether the conjuncture had arisen through any unscrupulous, ill-considered impulse of Charlson to help out of a strait the friend who was so kind as never to press him for what was due, could not be told; there was nothing to prove it, and it was a question which could never be asked. The triangular situation—himself, his wife, Lucy Savile—was the one clear thing.

From Barnet's actions we may infer that he *supposed* such and such a result for a moment, but did not deliberate. He withdrew his gray eyes from the scene without, calmly turned, rang the bell for assistance, and vigorously exerted himself to learn if life still lingered in that motionless frame. In a short time another surgeon was in attendance, and then Barnet's surmise proved to be true. The slow life timidly heaved again; but much care and patience were needed to catch and retain it, and a considerable period elapsed before it could be said with certainty that Mrs. Barnet lived. When this was the case, and there was no further room for doubt, Barnet left the chamber. The blue evening smoke from Lucy's chimney had died down to an imperceptible stream, and as he walked about down stairs he murmured to himself, "My wife was dead, and she is alive again."

It was not so with Downe. After three hours' immersion his wife's body had been recovered, life, of course, being quite extinct. Barnet, on descending, went straight to his friend's house, and there learned the result. Downe was helpless in his wild grief, occasionally even hysterical. Barnet said little, but finding that some guiding hand was necessary in the grief-stricken household, took upon him to supervise and manage till Downe should be in a state of mind to do so for himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LONDON DUST-YARD.

The dust-men are generally husbands of women working in the yards they supply. Although in too many instances there has been no proper marriage, the couples are said to be mutually faithful; but the dust-woman shares her lord's love of beer, and as a consequence not unfrequently has black eyes. These are, however, only visible for any length of time on Sunday, when both dust-women and dust-girls cleanse themselves, and dress up with a neatness or smartness which shames the squalor of their neighbors of other callings. They also give themselves a good wash when their day's work is done. As much can not be said of the male members of the pulverine profession. The children used to begin to do something in the yards almost as soon as they could toddle, and then as they grew up the girls became sifters, whilst the boys adopted either the in or the out gate branch of the dust-man's trade; but probably the School Board has altered—at any rate will alter—this state of things. At one of the yards the men make, on an average, fifteen shillings, and the women twelve shillings, a week.

The yard employs altogether about three hundred hands. The dust-yard's "bin-man" is the "filler-in" (of sieves), and the dust-yard's "bins" are round baskets, into which, and metal pails, the sifters sort the articles that will not pass through the wires of their sieves. Other bulkier ones the fillers-in remove before they fill the sieves. The sifters have their gown sleeves tucked up, are begirt with aprons of leather and sacking, and, like the Welsh tip-girls, wear buskins, and handkerchiefs tied over their crushed hats, bonnets, caps, or simply tousled hair. Some of them have little blue, brown, or plaid shawls, like milk-women's—but by no means suggestive of milk—tightly knotted about their busts. Dingy though they are, they are *panni purpurei* in this realm of sackcloth and ashes. It is almost needless to say that sifting can not be done when there is anything like heavy rain falling, and therefore the employment is very precarious. The sifters are allowed to take as "perks" wood, corks, and a daily quantity of cinders more than sufficient for their own consumption. The surplus they sell. It is a curious sight to see them staggering home at dusk with their bundles of fuel, hugged in both arms, like "black'ning trains o' craws to their repose." These perquisites swell their earnings to the weekly average. If they can find coin, of course they pocket it, and doubtless also any "valuable" easily convertible into cash; but such finds probably, except so far as stray halfpennies are concerned, are very few. Sovereigns and bank-notes have, however, found their way to dust-heaps, and stranger still, been restored to their rightful owners. Both men and women work hard for their money, but compared with members of some other callings, a dust-man and his "wife" are well paid. Clubbing their earnings—even if they confine themselves to honest perquisites—they make more than many curates, Dissenting ministers in villages, and clerks everywhere; and certainly, according to the respective styles of living required by custom, would be far better able to put away money, were it not for their drinking habits. Everything beyond the perquisites mentioned goes to the contractor at the yard in question. There used to be, and perhaps there is still in other yards, a middle-man system.

The fine dust or "soil" is used for manure. It is said to be specially useful for bringing marsh land into cultivation, and—so curious are the results of nature's chemistry—in stimulating the growth of the fragrant clover. At one time it was so much sought after by farmers that the London contractors could not supply their demands, and ship-loads of it were brought into the Thames from the northern ports of England. "Soil" is also mixed with clay for brick-making, and so is "breeze," the cinder portion of the sifted ashes. The "breeze" is used in burning the bricks likewise. The clover field and the brick field are thus both fed from the dust-bin—what a difference in their odors!

"Hard core" consists of brickbats, broken tiles and slates, cracked crockery, oyster shells—in short, the miscellany of malodorous rubbish that may be seen and smelled from afar when a new road is to be made, or, in lieu of the cleanly gravel that has been carted away, a foundation laid for a new row of suburban houses. Old hats and boots, sodden rags, and rusty, battered hardware may sometimes be seen in these foundations, which will puzzle future explorers when dug through in the course of their excavations; but such articles are generally eliminated at the dust-yard for other purposes, which will be mentioned presently.

The "soft core" is vegetable refuse, sent down the canal gratis to farmers, who use it for manure. "They know we must get rid of it, and so they won't give us a penny for it. Farmers are wide-awake enough."

Outside cabbage leaves and other vegetable waste from the markets, the streets, and dust-bins filled by careless, slovenly servants with unvigilant mistresses, are the chief constituents of this soft core. The other afternoon, in Covent Garden, the writer saw a poor old woman stooping in the midst of the day's litter there, in order to pick out a few leaves of greens that she could boil. It was a sight that should have been seen and heeded by those wasteful kitchen-maids—many of them the children of pinched homes—who fling good bread and cheese and plump legs of fowls into the dust-bin. When such articles are sifted out at the dust-yard in an eatable condition, they become the perquisites of the finders; otherwise they go to swell the pile of soft core. Amongst the condemned herrings which find their way to the dust-yards from Billingsgate, good ones may occasionally be picked out, and these too are appropriated by the sifters.

We mount by a ladder into the "rag loft," the building in which the rags, etc., are stored, and the old metal, when small, sorted into different pails according to its kind. Here is a bucket full of scrubbing-brushes rescued from the dust, and cleansed for re-appearance in domestic life. And here is yet another proof of servants' carelessness: two days' siftings out of squandered coal making a heap that would last a family of half a dozen for a month.

The rags and bones make a forcible demand through the nose to be noticed. "It would not pay us," the guide informs us, "to sort the rags. We sell them in a lump to a Jew, and he gets them sorted, and makes his market of them."

Contemplating, but not too closely, the mountain of mixed rags, it is curious to speculate on their destiny. The linen and cotton ones are not clean enough to rank as "fines," the aristocracy of paper-making rags, which are of many grades, running down from clean whites through dirty whites, blues, and checks, fustian, prints, corduroy, black cotton, bagging, common sheeting, and carpeting, to rag ropes. But perhaps they will do for "seconds," and be pulped in a mill thumping away beside some pleasant Kentish stream winding between woods, pastures, corn fields, meadows, orchards, and hop gardens, fertilized by some of the woollen rags with which they are now mixed; and then they may in their paper form be again and again repulped and mixed with fresh rag, each time sinking lower in the paper scale. What different things may have been written on the same materials!—how they may have fallen from the position of creamy or delicately tinted scented superfine, worthy of letters of gold inscribed with a dove's quill, to that of wrappages for coarsest parcels!

Others of the woollen rags, again, will be boiled with pearlash, horns, hoofs and hoof-clippings, blood, old iron (including broken horseshoes), and waste leather, and re-appear in a metamorphosis which is like an apotheosis, glorified as clear crystals of prussiate of potassa.

Before proceeding to speculate on the fate of the bones, a word or two on the old boots and shoes that find their way into the dust-yard. Glue can be made out of old boots and shoes; they are used in the manufacture of prussiate of potassa, and some are sold for the sake of the nails in them. Others are bought by a class of cobblers who most do congregate in and about the Seven Dials, Drury Lane, Paddington, Petticoat Lane, Rosemary Lane, alias Royal Mint Street, and Bethnal Green, called "translators" or "clobberers," who by various vamping arts

"Gar auld shoon look amaist as weel's the new."

Even when the old boots or shoes can not be rehabilitated *in toto* (no pun is intended), their uppers can be cut down and used for the covering of smaller feet than those they once inclosed; and by chemical treatment their leather, both upper and under, can be mixed with India rubber and used for goloshes. It may also be made into ink rollers for type.

It is not a valley but a hill of bones on which the eye rests, nor are they all dry, but they are all destined for new stages of existence. You may meet them again at church as fans; in the streets, as buttons on coster-mongers' sleeved waistcoats; in the dressing-room, as combs, tooth-brush handles, and soap; at the breakfast table, as egg-spoons; at the dinner table, as knife and fork handles, gelatine, and jelly. The sugar that sweetens your tea may have been refined by their animal charcoal; the wheat of which your toast is made may have in it some of their dust, animal guano, or superphosphate; and the match with which you light your bedroom candle, some of their phosphorus. A good many now you would not care to "touch with a pair of tongs," and yet some of these you may hereafter handle with complacency as paper-knives, chess-men, and counters. Others you may have on your boots as blacking, in your scent-bottle as smelling-salts, in your silk dress as stiffening, and the gold of your watch and chain may have been assayed in cupels made of the ashes of yet others.

After the fusty smell of the rags and bones, the druggy scent that broods over a motley collection of bottles, washed and awaiting washing, is a relief. A good many of them are medicine phials, blue lotion bottles, and so on, and when cleansed will resume their old functions, as will also the wine and ale, lemonade, soda-water, and ginger-beer bottles. Not only the bottles, but the curiously cracked corks also of the ginger-beer sold in the suburbs to Sunday-walking Londoners before they reach the "bona fide traveller" limit, probably come from the dust-yard. Cork cuttings are used in the manufacture of floor-cloth, and leather parings are made into cement for iron tools. The broken glass is sold to glass-works to be remelted: more than a thousand tons of this "cullet" is thus used up in London alone every year.

As to the old metal, the scrap-iron is repuddled and made into bars. A good deal of the scrap goes abroad as ballast—old kettles, fenders, fire-irons, pans, scuttles, hoops, corrugated roofs, "metallic warious," as the Golden Dust-man's friend Mr. Venus would have called it—to be forged again beyond the sea. Such articles used to be sent down to Cornwall to catch copper from the streams; but this is no longer the case. Gunsmiths buy up old horseshoes and horseshoe nails for their barrels—not, it seems, because the hammering such iron gets in use has toughened it, but because it was originally of first-rate quality. The popular notion is said to be on a par in logic with the vulgar error that bones are most brittle in frosty weather.

Old iron is also used in making ink and potash salts. Copper, pewter, brass, iron, is the descending order of value in which old metal stands. The solder of old hardware is marketable at a higher rate than the ware.

A lad mounts the black wooden inclined plane, ribbed with battens, up which the horses stump to their stables, bearing on his head a case full of old tinware and fragments of the same. "Any one below there?" he cries, and then empties his load on a pile of similar material waiting to be taken away—without payment—by persons who will make a profit out of it. It seems strange that they should not be asked some price for it, since the valuable tin can be separated from the iron by chemical means, and the iron, which is of a superior class, remanufactured, or cut and varnished into clamps for the trunk-maker. Salts for dyeing can also be got from old tinware. One proprietor of old tinware works claims these as the products of his processes: tin, iron, ammoniac, Prussian blue, stannate of sodium, steel, chloride of zinc, and chloride of iron.

When the visitor asks about soot, he is told that *that* is an entirely different branch of business, in a tone which shows him that Dust looks down on Soot. And yet soot is valuable enough to be adulterated. Chimney-sweeps say that the value of a bushel of soot and the cost of the quartern loaf always tally. Just now this happens to be the case, but not "always."

Owing to the amount of sulphate of ammonia it contains, soot used to be exported in considerable quantities to the West Indian sugar plantations, and it is still a valued manure at home. Sheep and cattle feed greedily on pasture that soot has fertilized, and it imparts a markedly bright green to grass and grain. From it, moreover, bister is manufactured, and coloring matter for paper-hangings. Like pyroligneous acid, it has been used for the curing of meat, and with a similar effect—the imparting to the preserved provision a taste as if it had been smoked. The best soot is said to be that swept from kitchen chimneys well impregnated with hospitable fumes.

Everywhere the yard is crowded. Hard by the old tin heap another lad is feeding a bonfire of rubbish, out of which even the ingenuity of a contractor and his clients can get no good until it is reduced to ashes. And just above this, on a wooden bridge, stands a minister of the neighborhood, his glossy black hat and broadcloth contrasting queerly with the dull dead black of the heaps around, who has come in to take a bird's-eye view of the yard's curious sights. One would think the bonfire might furnish him with morals for many sermons, which may be found in ashes as well as stones.

PUDDINGS FOR CHILDREN.

Whatever may be the reason or reasons, children do not take to fat very readily, and certainly a large proportion of them reject the fat of joints; consequently it becomes very desirable that they have dishes provided for them which are fairly rich in fat which is not visible to the eye. Such dishes are to be found in milk puddings when a piece of butter has been put into them. Butter is not an extravagant article of diet, and is a fat which is usually well borne by the most delicate stomach, and assimilated readily by the feeblest digestive organs, provided always that it is not swallowed in masses, but is taken in a finely divided form. Many children who can not take butter well in the form of thick slices of bread with a comparative thick layer of butter, can take it famously when the slice of bread is thin and the butter well rubbed in—company bread and butter, in fact. In the latter form the butter is finely subdivided, and in mastication is thoroughly mixed with the bread, so that it reaches the stomach in an acceptable form; while in the other form the stomach resents its presence. When added in generous quantity to a pudding consisting of milk and some form of farina, butter can be given to delicate children in practically sufficient quantities.

Many children would be all the better if they were taught to eat puddings of all kinds with butter, or with butter and a little sugar, instead of the jam and preserves now in such common use. A more economical form of fat is beef suet; and suet puddings, especially if made with molasses, are readily eaten by children, and should be more largely used even than they are at present. Such puddings made with corn meal cost little, are very palatable, and have comparatively a high food value. In the present condition of the digestive organs of children, it is eminently desirable to provide them with a sufficient quantity of fat for proper tissue nutrition, without offending their palates or their stomachs. Much dyspepsia, much phthisis ultimately, would be avoided if the problem of how to successfully introduce fat into the stomachs of children could be practically solved, as there is reason to believe it might be if the hints here given were generally adopted.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The hardest thing in the world for a young woman to do is to look unconcerned the first time she comes out in a handsome engagement ring.

A medical student says that he has never been able to discover the bone of contention, and desires to know if it is not the jaw-bone.

A young lady was seen to emerge from a second-story window at midnight, and descend a ladder. "There was a man at the bottom of it," of course.

An exchange softly says of a defaulter, "He admits a gap of $2000 between himself and creditors."

A man in Utah who has only the legal number of wives is spoken of as, "comparatively speaking, a bachelor."

At a ball: "Shall we dance this time?" "No; I prefer to remain here and listen to the two orchestras." "You will certainly get cold—between two airs."

Somebody asks what is a pessimist. The reply is, a pessimist is not an optimist.

The man who said that the temperance party was going to rise like "a giant refreshed with wine," was rather unfortunate in his choice of a simile.

A gentleman finding his whiskey punch a little too hot, blew it with his breath to cool it. "Blowing your own *horn*, I see," said his comrade.

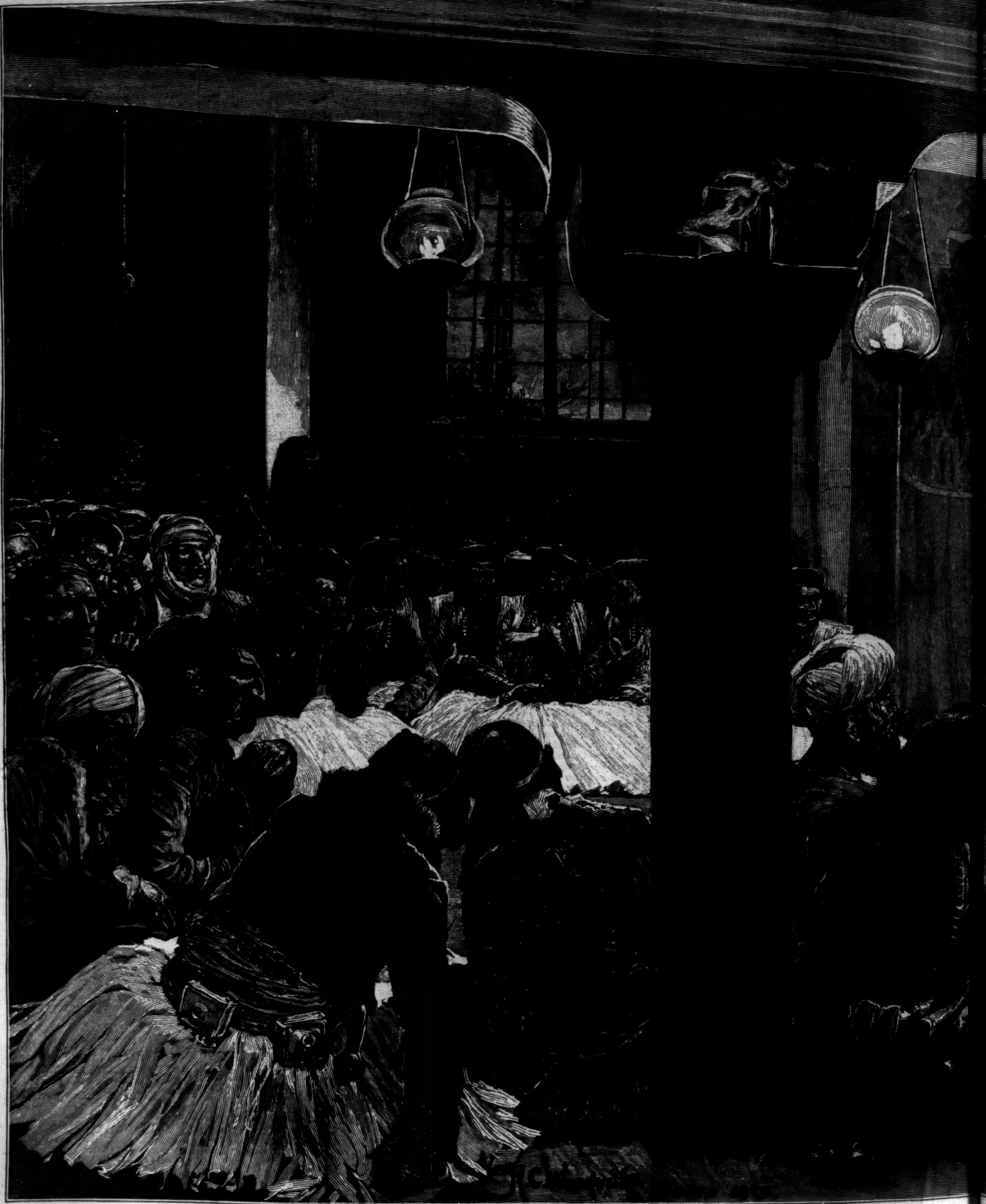
A reporter who attended a banquet concluded his description with the candid statement that "it is not distinctly remembered by anybody present who made the last speech."

An Irish drummer who now and then indulged in a noggin of poteen was accosted by the reviewing general: "What makes your nose so red?" "Plaze yer honor," replied Pat, "I always blush when I spake to a gineral officer."

Lawyer C—— *(entering the office of his friend Dr. M——, and speaking in a hoarse whisper)*. "Fred, I've got such a cold this morning that I can't speak the truth."

Dr. M——. "Well, I'm glad that it's nothing that will interfere with your business."

The Boston *Transcript* says that an East Boston lady was recently requested by the Board of Health to have traps placed under the sinks and basins in her house, and when an inspector, a few days later, examined the premises, it was found that she had placed there several rat-traps.



A MEETING OF TH LBANI

THE ALBANIANS.

The above spirited engraving shows the Albanian League, or general assembly of the chiefs of the various tribes. The ancient province of Albania forms the southwestern division of the Turkish Empire in Europe, having Montenegro, Bosnia, and Servia on the north, Macedonia and Thessaly on the east, Greece on the south, and the Ionian and Adriatic seas on the west. Albania is divided into the pashalics of Janina, Ilbessan, and Scutari, and the sangiacates of Delvino and Avlona. The little order and justice that exists is administered by the elders of the clans and villages, but it is of a very variable and precarious nature. In Prisrend, Jacova, and Ypek the authority of the Porte is more conspicuous, and the causes which have brought about this result should give encouragement to further efforts in the same direction.

The most prominent of these causes was the transference of the head-quarters of the province from Uskup to Prisrend, and next to this, the establishment of military head-quarters at Pristina. The head-quarters of the province was again transferred, and is now at Monastir. The process of civilization was gradually making its way with some success, when the late war between Russia and Turkey commenced. This struggle, though it freed so many provinces from Turkish rule, left Albania in the same position as before, and with less incentive toward improvement. The character of the country and of the inhabitants leaves Albania little susceptibility to influences from without. Mr. Baker, in his volume on Turkey, speaks of the efforts made by the Porte as follows: "Very little pains is taken by the Ottoman authorities to put an end to this savage state of society, which finds a parallel with that of the Scotch Highlands 200 years ago. They feel that they have not the power to do so effectually, without such coercion as would at once raise this independent people into rebellion, and their warlike character and the nature of the country are such pow ements f that the attempt wou both expe hazardous. The expe Montene ficiently bitter to pre experim repeated, and the Alba recogni amount authority."

The population of A always a warlike character. re the s Pyrrhus, one of the midable whom the Romans ed. At under the name of Ar rank a

...LBANIAN LEAGUE.

...ements for defense ...oth expensive and ... Montenegro is suf... experiment being ...ll recognize no par...

...as always been of ...ere the soldiers of ...midable enemies ...ed. At present, ...y rank among the flower of the Ottoman army, and are found as mercenaries in all parts of Turkey and the Barbary States. They pride themselves upon bejng a nation of warriors, nearly every man being accustomed to the use of the sabre or long gun. The latter weapon is to be found in almost every cottage. The men invariably go about armed. When the Albanian condescends to follow the plough he still keeps his gun slung across his shoulders, and even the women are more expert at loading a rifle than handling a needle. Blood for blood is one of the most marked characteristics of their nature. The ambition of each young man is to rival his fellows in the number of victims sacrificed to hereditary feuds, the origin of which is frequently most trivial. It is not many years since, in the district of Jacova, the disputed possession of a hare led to a regular pitched battle between two "Virs," or clans, and the struggle did not terminate until more than a hundred lives had been sacrificed.

After fighting, robbery is the leading industry of the Albanians. Although the lower classes will not steal, or, at any rate, are less addicted to theft than the poor of many other provinces, yet open robbery on a large scale is not considered disgraceful. Men will commonly in reference to a past event speak of it as having occurred when they were robbers. So systematically do they carry on their depredations that it is scarcely to be wondered at if they have come to regard it as an honorable profession. Early in the summer bandits leave the villages and towns in which they have passed the winter, and forming themselves into large bands of from two or three hundred to a thousand men, retire into the mountains—those of Mezzovo, for instance—and there live in caves, from which they descend to ravage the plains of Greece. The shepherds are often in league with them, and the flocks supply them with meat, while bread is obtained from the peasantry. The robbers are very cautious in making their attacks, and usually the victims are too well aware of their power to offer much resistance. In the stillness

of the night a gentle tap is made at a cottage door, and the well-known word "Psomè" (bread) informs the inmate of the nature of the application, with which he immediately complies. If a party of travellers is to be attacked, the robbers lie in wait, and suffer their prey to get quite into the midst of them. When the travellers are numerous, the bandits fire without rising from their covert, until either they are repelled, or have obliged their victims to cry for quarter. The prisoners are gagged, bound, and plundered, and if wealthy, detained until they are ransomed. If there is no probability of resistance, the robbers start up from their place of ambush without firing. Frequently, however, travellers make a good fight, and come off triumphantly, the robbers being very slow to attack with the sabre unless their numbers are greatly superior.

The robber-like instincts of the Albanians are a natural inheritance from their ancestry, the Illyrians being the original stock from which they are supposed to have sprung. The latter do not appear in history until the Peloponnesian war, when Brasidas and Perdiccas retreated before them. They appear again in the reign of Philip of Macedon. In 233 B.C. the ravages of the Illyrian pirates interfered with the commerce of the allies of Rome, and envoys were sent to Teuta, their queen. To them she replied that piracy was the habit of her people, and to show how well fitted she was to rule over such a race, she had the envoys murdered. Ptolemy mentions a tribe of Albani in this district, with a town called Albanopolis. In the ninth and tenth centuries Albania was included in the great Bulgarian kingdom established south of the Danube, of which Lychnitis was the capital. In the twelfth century we read of their town under the name of Albanon, Arbanon, or Elbanon, and it is said to have commanded the passes from the country around Lychnitis to the coast. From this people the Byzantine Greeks gave to the inhabitants of these mountains, who spoke the same dialect, the name of Albanetes, and hence the European names of the country. The Albanian, however, calls himself Skipitar, and his native land Skiperi, the first word, translated, meaning mountaineer.

The chief interest in the ancient history of Albania is centred in the heroic reign of Scanderbeg, or, as he is sometimes called, Iskanderbeg, or the Lord Alexander. In a small district in Epirus, between the Adriatic and the mountains, there lived, A.D. 1404, a hereditary prince named John Castriot, lord of Elmalthia—the modern district of Moghlene. When Amurath II. was pushing his conquests in Europe, he turned his arms toward Albania, and after a gallant struggle the lord of Elmalthia had to succumb to the Ottoman power, and sent his four sons as hostages for his regular payment of the enforced tribute. Only one of these sons, named George, survived, and he so attracted the attention of the Sultan that he had him educated in the Mohammedan creed. His soldier-like qualities recommended him to Amurath in consequence of his overthrowing a Tartar and two Persians who offered defiance to the Turkish court, and the name of Scanderbeg was given him in consequence. The principality of his father had been reduced to a province, but as a compensation he was given the rank of sangiac, with a command of 5000 horse. The Sultan kept Scanderbeg on active service in foreign wars after the death of his father, and his sensitive nature was so wounded at this injustice that he determined to quit the Turkish army and take possession of his own territory.

Scanderbeg boldly seized the Sultan's chief secretary, and made the man, on pain of death, sign an order appointing himself the Sultan's viceroy over the territory around the strong city of Kroya, in Albania. He then killed the secretary, and made all haste to Kroya, where his stratagem was completely successful, and he gained possession of the fortress and the country. He now discarded the Mohammedan creed, and declared himself champion of Christendom, which at once brought him a host of enthusiastic followers, who turned upon the Turks and cruelly massacred them. From his neighboring allies, and the returns from the salt-pits of Selina, he created a revenue of 200,000 ducats, and appropriated the whole sum to state purposes. By skillfully taking advantage of the mountainous nature of the country he was able to defy the attacks of Amurath and his successor Mohammed for twenty-five years with a force of only 8000 cavalry and 7000 infantry. Such was the renown which he obtained that volunteers from France and Germany flocked to his standard. Amurath attacked him at the head of 60,000 Turkish cavalry and 40,000 janizaries, but although he overran the country, he failed to take Scanderbeg in the fortress of Kroya. The resources of Scanderbeg were at last exhausted, through the repeated attacks of the Turks, and this great hero, after being defeated by Mohammed II., managed to escape to Lissus, in Venetian territory, where he ended his days in exile in 1467. He saved his infant son in his flight, who was afterward granted a Neapolitan dukedom, and the blood of the Castriot still flows among some of the noblest families of Italy.

As in ancient times Albania produced one hero before whose achievements and renown the rest of its history sinks into insignificance, so in modern days we have Ali Pasha, a conqueror whose guilty but extraordinary career reads like a romance. His youth was passed in extreme peril and hardship, for the neighboring pashas had robbed his father of nearly all his possessions, in the effort to recover which young Ali was repeatedly defeated, and at last had to betake himself to the mountains, and even to pledge his sword to save himself from dying of hunger. It is said that the change in his fortune arose from his having accidentally discovered a chest of gold, with which he raised an army of 2000 men, gained his first victory, and entered Tepeleni in triumph. On the very day of his return he murdered his brother, and then imprisoned his mother in the harem, where she soon after died. He next reconciled himself to the Porte by helping to subdue the rebellious Vizier of Scutari, and thus acquired not only the lands which had been wrested from his father, but also seven Greek cities. Ali had various difficulties with the Porte, but he did them good service in the Austro-Russian war of 1787, and was rewarded with constant accessions to his dominions. He was one of the allies of Napoleon Bonaparte, who sent him engineers. After a three years' war he subdued the Suliotes, for which the Porte made him Governor of Roumania. About this time he revenged upon the inhabitants of Gaediki an injury done to his mother forty years before, by the murder of 739 male descendants of the original offenders, who were themselves all dead. Finally he became so powerful that his dependence upon the Porte was merely nominal, and there seemed to be no limit to his pretensions and audacity.

Ali Pasha, though hated by the Porte, might have ended his days in peace, but an act of daring atrocity on his part brought summary vengeance on his hoary head. One of his confidants, named Ismael Pasha Bey, having incurred Ali's deadly displeasure, had taken refuge at Constantinople, where he had ingratiated himself with the Sultan, and had obtained an appointment in the Seraglio. Ali, furious on hearing this, hired assassins to murder him in the midst of Constantinople. The attempt failed, and the assassins, being arrested, confessed the name of their employer. This roused the Sultan; Ali was excommunicated, and all the pashas of European Turkey ordered to march against him. At first the Turks were unsuccessful; but finally Ali's power was broken, and unable to defend his capital, he took refuge in a castle which he had built on an abrupt peninsula jutting into a lake. Here he threatened to blow himself up unless the Sultan's pardon was granted him. This was treacherously arranged, and on the 29th of January, 1822, being assured that a firman of plenary forgiveness had arrived for him from Constantinople, he was induced to leave the citadel and cross over to a monastery. He settled himself in a small room, the one next it being occupied by his favorite wife, Vassiliki. On February 5 he was informed that Mehemet Pasha was about to visit him with a message from Khurshid Pasha, who was then in command of the Sultan's forces at Epirus. He prepared as best he could, and Mehemet came, firing a pistol at Ali as he entered his apartment. The shot missed, and Ali fired in return, but also without effect, while at the same instant he was wounded in the hand by a shot from the aide-de-camp of Mehemet Pasha. Ali sprang forward to follow up the fight, when the others retreated down the steps, and he shut himself in with Vassiliki and an attendant, who proceeded to bind up the bleeding hand. While they were thus engaged, a firing commenced from the room below, through the floor, and one of the shots inflicted a wound upon the old man, so that he died almost immediately. Mehemet and his men then broke into the room, cut off Ali's head, and sent it, together with Vassiliki, across the lake to Khurshid Pasha, who at once dispatched both to Constantinople. After living there for two years, under surveillance, Vassiliki was allowed to pass into Greece. She settled at Patras, where in 1855 she died in extreme want and misery. For many years the Turkish government went on searching for Ali's treasures, which were believed to be enormous. A large portion of them have been found in different hiding-places. The whereabouts of some were confessed by Vassiliki, and others were brought to light by different persons, so that, although the old pasha was extremely rich, it is doubtful if much more remains to be discovered.

After the death of the great Scanderbeg, when the Albanians, who had made a most desperate resistance, fell beneath the Ottoman yoke, an innovation was introduced into their religious faith. Until this time they at least professed Christianity, however uninstructed they may have been in its peculiar tenets and doctrines. The progress of apostasy was at first, however, very slow, and the religion of Mohammed did not gain many adherents till about the end of the sixteenth century. Then a law was promulgated which secured their estates in the possession of those Albanian families which should bring up one of their members in the Mohammedan faith. This had the double effect of keeping the country more clear of Osmanli settlers than the rest of Turkey, and of soon transferring the chief property into the hands of the new proselytes. At various times, however, whole villages, towns, and districts, for political reasons, have voluntarily renounced the religion of their ancestors. Yet the Albanian Mohammedan is not more observant of doctrines, rites, and ceremonies under his new law than he was under his old one, and is looked upon with great contempt by the rigid Osmanli.

The Albanian frequently takes a Christian woman to wife, carries his sons to mosque, and allows his daughters to attend their mother to church. Not unfrequently he goes himself alternately to either place of worship, and eats with his family out of the same dish, in which are viands forbidden to the disciples of Mohammed. Very few of them undergo the rite of circumcision. The Albanians are in general too poor to avail themselves of the license which their religion grants to polygamy, but are content with one wife, who is chosen, like any other animal, more for a slave or drudge than for a companion. They are by no means jealous of their women, nor do they confine them like the Turks and Greeks. The miserable creature who holds the rank of wife, with one or two infants tied in a bag behind her back, cultivates the ground and attends to the household affairs by turns, while her lord and master ranges over the forests in search of game, guards the flocks, or waits behind a rock with his gun all ready to aim at the unwary traveller. The women are in general hard-featured, with complexions rendered coarse by exposure to all sorts of weather, and their forms are attenuated by hard toil and scanty fare. In some districts they are better treated, and are found ready to share the dangers of war with the men.

One fault attaches itself to both sexes among the Albanians. They are exceedingly unclean in their habits, and never lay aside their clothing either by day or by night. They have no such conveniences as beds, but sleep on the ground with skins or mats for covering, and in the midst of filth that would overcome an Esquimau. Their huts or cabins have no chimneys, but plenty of crevices are left in the roofs and walls for the egress of smoke, and, for that matter, for the admission of rain. Rarely is there any other furniture seen than a little earthenware, with an iron pot or so to cook with. The Albanians are far from being luxurious in their food, and intoxication is a vice of rare occurrence. Yet at times they will eat and drink immoderately, especially if it be at another person's expense. They are very greedy of gain, and will almost starve themselves to procure money. They are ready to part with it, however, for weapons of all kinds, these being in their opinion the one great necessary of life.

A distinguishing feature among the Albanians is their regard for nationality. If a stranger inquires concerning them, their answer is not, as in other places, "I am a Mohammedan," or "I am a Christian," but "I am an Albanian." In fact, their independence and love of country have almost entirely removed that distinction between the two religions which prevails to such an extent in other parts of the Turkish Empire. Certain distinctions of character may, however, be observed among the Albanians of different districts. In the northern part of the country, which is better adapted to cavalry, the national character is alloyed by the dullness of the Bulgarian. It is in the narrow vales and barren mountains of the south that we find the true Albanian. Here the hardy natives, ignorant of horsemanship, and constituting an irregular infantry of the toughest and most active character, are constantly seeking to be engaged in war, and when their own feuds do not offer them a field, they are glad to adopt the difficulties of their neighbors, demanding, of course, the pay of mercenaries. They may, indeed, be compared in character with the hardy mountaineers of Greece, whom they take such delight in plundering. At the same time they excel them in evenness of conduct, in prudence, and in fidelity to their employers. Their vices also are more marked, for they surpass the Greeks in avidity, selfishness, and avarice.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1203.]

A CONFIDENTIAL AGENT.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "At Her Mercy," "Bred in the Bone," "Beggar on Horseback," "Walter's Word," "Under One Roof," "High Spirits," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

HIS LAST EVENING.

Friday, the 4th of December, in the year of which we write, was remarkable for its extreme cold. No snow fell on that day, but much had fallen during the previous week, and where it fell, even in town, save for the ministrations of the street scavengers, it lay; for it froze so hard that the wind could get no hold of it, which, denied its usual horse-play, went about like a roaring lion, seeking out other mischief. To most of us, in London, such inclement weather matters little; neither our work nor our pastimes are carried on in the open air; and whatever the sailor may have retorted to the landsmen concerning falling chimney-pots, it is *not* so dangerous to walk the streets on windy days as to sail the seas. Four-wheeled cabs and omnibuses may have their disadvantages, but they are not liable to be blown over, while the under-ground railways afford a still greater sense of security. Locomotion, therefore, goes on as usual, the interruption of which is our only serious public calamity. An unusually keen and boisterous day is, in fact, rather hailed by the general public than otherwise, for it affords humorous incidents in the thoroughfares and a topic of conversation—which is a desideratum always—by the bright winter fires at night.

No doubt the little household in Cavendish Grove would have enjoyed their dinner as much as usual, despite the wintry blast that howled without, and tore through the leafless gardens at the back as though there had been no walls between them, but for the sense that one of their number was doomed that night to face its power. He had already conveyed Lady Pargiter's diamonds to her that evening, in order that she might wear them at a great ambassador's ball, and at three in the morning it would be his hard fate to fetch them again for deposit in Poulet Street as usual. Moreover, he had a severe cold upon him, though he thought little of that—as it was his habit to think of all physical ailments—and concealed its existence as much as possible.

On the other hand, it was a great satisfaction to his wife to reflect that this was the last time he would be dragged from home at these untimely hours, since Lady Pargiter, it was understood, was going into the country for Christmas, and the new year was to free Matthew from such unpleasant errands. Moreover, what was a source of satisfaction to all was that, for the first time since the arrival of the "little stranger," Sabey herself was present at the family meal. She was bright and merry, and looked well, though, as Uncle Stephen averred, "more like a piece of egg-shell china than ever"; that is to say, she had that exquisitely delicate air which belongs to some women of her type, and is especially noticeable after the troubles of maternity have been recently surmounted. Amy, too, was looking her best and brightest, which may be partly accounted for by the fact that Mr. Frank Barlow made one of the party. It is probable he had not been informed of Mr. Signet's recent attentions—or attempts at attentions; but if he had, it is certain that they had in no way discomposed him. He narrated with some humor a scene in the law courts that morning arising out of a case (we may be sure) in which Bates & Barlow (his senior partner was Bates) were concerned for the fortunate party. They had been long endeavoring to obtain a certificate in the Court of Bankruptcy for a certain client of theirs whose failure in the shipping trade had been something more than disastrous. Their chief hope had been in the deafness and absence of mind of the judge; but until that morning the keenness of the opposing creditors' legal adviser had been such that no opportunity had been offered them. Perceiving their enemy to have gone out to lunch before "the Court" rose for that purpose, they had seized the favorable moment for their application. Their counsel rose and explained as briefly as possible how his client had lost his money through the foundering of the ship *Paramatta*—averred by some to have been scuttled, but whose loss he, of course, described as a visitation of Providence. But for the *Paramatta* his client would have still been rich and respected; but for the *Paramatta* this application—humiliating to such a man to have to make—would never have been necessitated. The judge, eager for lunch, only half hearing what was said, and dazed with the frequent mention of the name of this unhappy vessel, inquired, suddenly, "Does Mr. Paramatta oppose?"

This was the question, if only another name had been substituted, of which of all others the counsel was most apprehensive.

"The *Paramatta* is a ship, my lud," he was obliged to murmur.

"I don't ask what he *is*," exclaimed the judge, irascibly; "I ask does he oppose?"

"Mr. Paramatta does not oppose, my lud."

"Very good; then your client may have his certificate."

So when the counsel for the opposition came in from lunch, they found themselves checkmated. At this narrative (as savoring somewhat of sharp practice) Amy was so much more shocked than amused that Mr. Barlow had to explain that the device was entirely the affair of the barrister's, and could have had no place in the instructions from his attorneys, which were always as pure as the driven snow; but on some lively badinage arising from Uncle Stephen and the rest upon that point, Amy was found to be "retained" on Mr. Barlow's side.

Perhaps nothing is a greater proof of the harmony of families than the occurrence of humorous conflicts, devoid of all ill-nature, among them, and in Cavendish Grove they were very frequent. Matthew bore his part as best he could in them, but of late the shadow of calamity had been heavy on him, and it grew, like the creeping palsy, with every hour.

When that evening was over, and Uncle Stephen had left him, after smoking his usual pipe, and "light after light went out" in the house, "and he was all alone," his heart became very heavy. Notwithstanding that in some respects he was of a morbid disposition, he would have scorned the idea of being affected by any mere presentiment of evil; but on this occasion, when the echo of Sabey's silver laugh and of his uncle's robuster mirth had died away, a despondency far greater than usual took possession of him. He did not even lift, as he was wont to do, the decent pall which covered his beloved Madge, but sat, with pipe in mouth (unconscious that its ashes were cold), his eyes fixed on vacancy, and his thoughts vaguely wandering into the future, that for him held no resting-place of hope. Presently, long after midnight, and in a lull of the tempest that still reigned without, he heard Uncle Stephen's footsteps overhead. Thinking the old man might be ill, he took a candle, and went softly up to his bedroom door, and knocked, only to find Mr. Durham shivering in his shirt, and endeavoring to find a passage in Æschylus by the feeble flame of his night-light.

"I am sorry to have alarmed you, my dear Matt," he said; "but this passage haunts me, and my chief motto in life is, 'Always verify quotation.'"

As he went back, Matthew looked into his wife's room, and found her sleeping, with the child clasped lovingly to her bosom. It was a comfort to him to find her thus lapped in bliss, and as unconscious of the melancholy that consumed him as of the kiss he gently pressed upon her brow. How he envied her the faith and hope that never failed her! How he envied Uncle Stephen for that freedom from genuine care that could admit of so artificial a solicitude as a doubt about Æschylus! Amy, too, was doubtless dreaming of her lover.

At a little after two o'clock, when he was about to prepare for his expedition, the front-door bell rang, and he found, to his surprise, that the cab had come for him. He scarcely ever failed to hear the noise of its wheels beforehand, and the wind that night blew from the southeast—a quarter that would have carried it to his ears. The reason of this unwonted silence was not far to seek: the snow had recommenced to fall, and the whole earth already lay in its white close-fitting shroud, while the wind howled over it like a mourner.

"A bitter night, Master Matthew," said the cabman, descending from his perch, and flapping his arms like a penguin.

"Well, it's the last, John, that we two shall be abroad in together. Come in, and have a glass of whiskey before you start."

"Thank you kindly, sir, I don't mind if I do," which was John's phrase for acceptance of hos-

pitality of that nature. When the liquor was produced, and his glass filled, "Here's good luck to you, sir," he said.

"Thank you," said Matthew, not scornfully, but a little grimly. If the prayers of some under that roof for his welfare should avail him not, John's wishes were not likely to do so.

"And good luck to our trip," added the latter, as he took his second draught, which emptied the glass.

"Do you, then, anticipate ill luck?" inquired Matthew, carelessly, because some reply seemed to be expected of him, rather than because he felt any interest in his own question. Though perfectly simple and without pride—though he had so keen a sense of self-respect—he had always some difficulty in getting on with men of Rutherford's class.

"Oh no, sir, not I; but since, as you say, it is our last trip, and nothing has yet gone wrong with us, it must happen to-night or never."

"I see. There is your cigar, John." As Matthew Helston turned to enter the cab, he looked up at the window above (as it was his habit to do), and to his surprise perceived a light there; the curtain was half withdrawn, and a face could be half discerned, endeavoring, as it seemed, to pierce the snowy veil of the night.

He understood at once that it was his wife, who had been awakened by the unaccustomed ringing of the bell, and was straining her eyes to see the last of him. He kissed his hand, though she could see him not, and entering the vehicle, was driven off.

Her faithful face watches the cab till the falling snow shuts it out from her view; then, with a sigh, succeeded by a smile, as her glance falls on her still sleeping babe, returns to her pillow, to rest, poor soul, while rest she may.

To Matthew, on his road to Moor Street, nothing happens; but as his driver opens the cab door for him to descend, the handle catches Mr. John Rutherford's coat, which thereupon falling open, discloses in his breast pocket the butt of a pistol. But of this Matthew, full of thought of Madge and misery, sees nothing, and goes in.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

APRIL'S TALISMAN—THE SAPPHIRE.

The idea that the months have their own peculiar precious stones is a relic of astrology. We accept the notion in our day merely as a sentiment; but the consideration of their special timeliness and legendary influence is not the less interesting in our study of jewels when we come to choose them as keepsakes or birthday gifts.

Until the middle of the thirteenth century the distribution of 325 stones for the days of the year, made by the Chaldean astronomers, was held sacred; but after that time a single stone was particularly selected and consecrated to each sign of the zodiac, and in this way associated with every month of the year.

These twelve typical jewels formed an amulet, and it was a custom esteemed worthy of observance to give or to wear in each month its proper gem, often engraved with symbols, and always endowed with characteristic significance.

The precious stone of April, according to this emblematic amulet, is a sapphire. This beautiful blue stone, valuable as a diamond, is a hyaline corundum; the exquisite clay of which it is formed is alumina in a state nearly pure; the form of its crystallization is six-sided, smooth, and pointed; and its color, as described by Pliny, is "*aerius-color*," the tint of the blue air of Rome.

There are four kinds of sapphires: Oriental sapphire, Brazilian sapphire, sapphire of Puy, and water sapphire. Of these four kinds the first three are corundums, or true sapphires; the last is only a quartz colored blue, and its value is trifling.

The Oriental sapphire, called in the Syriac tongue *saphilah*, was considered by the ancients the gem of gems. It was one of the precious stones in the breastplate of Aaron. The Greeks dedicated it to Apollo.

The sapphire of Puy is found in rivulets flowing among the mountains in ferruginous sand produced by the decomposition of basaltic rocks. Its color is a clear blue, deep or pale, a reddish-blue, or a yellowish-green.

The Brazilian sapphire is the same as that found in Arabia and Persia, and consequently, although coming from a different quarter of the world from the original Eastern stones, is technically classified beyond its geographical distinction with Oriental sapphires.

The water sapphire was first accepted as a gem in France, and named "saphir d'eau." It is brought from Ceylon, and is of a complex composition, in which silica is the greater part. Its color a clear white mixed with sky blue, but completely different from the velvety blue of the Oriental sapphire. One variety of the water sapphire exceedingly complex is called *dichroite*, and it has the peculiarity of displaying two distinct colors when viewed from different sides: in the direction of the axis it is blue, and in the direction perpendicular to this line it is a yellow-gray.

Sometimes the Oriental sapphire appears of a pale blue with thread-like shafts, which show under the microscope a direction from the centre to the faces of the six-sided prism; these threads are produced by vacuities, or foreign substances left among the molecules at the moment of their crystallization. The light reflected from them forms a remarkable star of six rays. Sapphires of this formation are called *asteria*, or *star* sapphires. In the East they are objects of the deepest veneration.

M. D'Abbadie had in his possession a fine star sapphire, and when he made his dangerous journeys in Africa he won the superstitious respect of the natives by occasionally exhibiting his curious treasure, waving it like a magical beacon before their ignorant eyes.

The choice of the sapphire for the precious stone of April has no doubt its origin in the aerial blue color which associates it with the lovely blue sky of spring. Never do we feel so keenly at any time of the year the genial influence of the atmosphere as when, after the imprisonment of winter, the sky seems to bend over us like a friend, full of the kindly promises of spring.

The poets, regarding April's signet-stone as a little mirror of its tender and inspiring sky, give it the language of "innocence," and say that it is the gem which "feels the air and sympathizes with the heavens." Marbodus, in his renowned Lapidarium, gives it this exalted praise:

"Fit only for the hands of kings to wear,
With purest azure shines the sapphire rare,
For worth and beauty chief of gems proclaimed.

"As gem of gems above all others placed,
Health to preserve and treachery to disarm,
And guard the wearer from intended harm.

"E'en heav'n is moved by its force divine
To list to vows presented at its shrine.

"But he who dares to wear this gem divine,
Like snow in perfect chastity must shine."

The virtues ascribed to the sapphire by writers more ancient than Marbodus, and descending to us by the interesting tradition that clings to gems, are numerous. According to these mystic sages, it refreshed vision, cured fevers and effects of poisons, stopped hemorrhages, killed venomous insects, and inspired chaste and lovely thoughts. Who would not be glad to wear such a protecting charm?

But we have even still more sacred authorities for its potential influence. St. Jerome, in explaining the nineteenth chapter of Isaiah, affirms the belief that the sapphire conciliates its wearer to the favor of princes, calms the rage of his enemies, dispels enchantments of demons, delivers from prison and oppression, and softens the ire of God. A religious poem, written in Latin, alludes to the celestial color of the sapphire as an efficient symbol of angelic ministrations, and Epiphanes states that the Divine Law given to Moses upon the mount was engraved upon sapphires.

In passing from the legendary to the historic interest of the sapphire, we find it, like other gems, linked with the drama of human life, and playing sometimes in that strife of weal and woe a conspicuous part.

The particular sapphire associated with the fatal "intrigue of the necklace" was found in Bengal by a poor tradesman whose original wares were wooden spoons. It was sold to the house of Rospoli, at Rome. Later it became the property of a German prince, who sold it to Perret, a Parisian jeweller, for $31,620. Without blemish or fault of any kind, this beautiful stone weighed 133⅛ carats. It formed afterward part of the riches of the Imperial Museum of Natural History at Paris, where its rival appeared in a stone of exquisite brilliancy, of an oval shape, measuring two inches by one and a half.

The wedding gift presented by Margaret of France to her sister Eleonora of Provence, wife of Henry III., was a silver peacock, whose train was studded with sapphires relieved by pearls; it formed a reservoir of perfumed waters, which dropped from its beak into a silver basin. In the "renaissance of luxury" sapphire rings were worn as keepsakes of sentiment; and more recently a sensation was produced by the announcement that the unique chevelure of Mademoiselle Mars, the world-renowned actress, had lost the wonderful sapphire which was its chief enrichment.

At the present day one of the most famous star sapphires is in the possession of a merchant prince of New York; and Miss Burdett-Coutts, of England, owns two magnificent stones of this kind, valued at $139,500. In the admired collection of Mr. Hope is a gem called the "marvellous sapphire," which is blue by day and amethyst-color by night.

The sapphire, which as an ornament ranks next in value to the diamond and ruby, is usually cut in square or octagonal form, with a single delicate step between the table and girdle, and three or four steps between the girdle and collet. Its hardness prevents it from being frequently engraved; there are, however, several noted engraved sapphires, and the last antique intaglio of real artistic merit is the sapphire of Constantine, in which the emperor is represented spearing a wild boar in the neighborhood of Cæsarea, that city being typified by a female figure reclining on the ground.

A beautiful sapphire among the crown jewels of Russia has engraved on it the form of a woman enveloped in drapery. The stone is of two tints, and the artist has used the dark tint for the woman and the light tint for the drapery with charming skill. The gem formed part of the collection of the Duke of Orleans.

The cabinet of France possesses in sapphire a remarkable intaglio of the emperor Pertinax, and in the Strozzi cabinet at Rome is a profile of the young Hercules engraved by Cneius upon a sapphire. An inestimable pure sapphire, three-quarters of an inch square, in the Pulksky collection, has an engraving of Paul III., by Alessandro Cesate.

Among antique intagli upon sapphire the most renowned subjects are the "Julius Cæsar," "Phœbus," and "Jupiter." This last, engraved on a stone nearly an inch in diameter, was found in the pommel of the handle of a Turkish dagger, set as a stone cut *en cabochon*, with its face downward, proving that the owner had no appreciation of a work that connoisseurs consider one of the finest productions of the Greek school.

According to Brewster, the sapphire ranks second only to the diamond in its refracting power. This quality has recently suggested its use, with wonderful practical effect, in lenses for microscopes. A novel use has been made of the sapphire as a medium for drawing wire more finely than can be accomplished in any other way. A wedge-shaped aperture is cut in the gem by a diamond point, and the wire is drawn through it from the larger to the smaller mouth.

The sapphire is still occasionally used in medicinal preparations, although the pharmacopœia which employs such agencies is nearly obsolete. It originally formed one of the "five precious fragments," and used as a specific for disease, it was ground to dust and strewn upon the eyelids, the brow, and the heart, or, in the same form of powder, was dropped into milk and swallowed at a draught. But this material efficacy was but a minor part of the stone's fanciful beneficence, which even in our day we cherish with a certain degree of fondness.

It is a mingling of all these associations, legendary, historical, and religious, that gives a poetic grace to the beautiful signet stone of April. And is it unnatural that we should wish those we love to wear as a keepsake the precious jewel, not only dedicated to the sun, but to truth itself, and the emblem of earnest and innocent affection?

It has been suggested that for those whose birthday falls in April the sapphire is with a peculiar significance the appropriate gift; upon them all the benign influences may be supposed to be concentrated. And it is not necessary that the stone should be of extraordinary size or fabulous value to express the sentiment of our hearts, for, after all, the loving acceptance of the April gift must rivet its charm; and the sapphire in this respect may be included in the poet's lines:

"Yet these sweet sounds of the early season,
And these fair lights of its early days,
Are only sweet when we fondly listen,
And only fair when we fondly gaze.

"There is no glory in star or blossom
Till looked upon by a loving eye;
There is no fragrance in April's bosom
Till breathed with joy as we wander by."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Our city hospitals are generally crowded with patients. As soon as they are cured of their ailments so as not to require medical attendance and nursing, they are sent away. There is no provision made for convalescents. Those who have homes to which they may go until their recovery is complete and strength has returned are fortunate, but there are hundreds who have no place of rest, and in many cases they soon become ill again, and are applicants for re-admission into the hospitals. About a year ago a charitable young lady determined to establish in this city a home for convalescents who had been discharged from the hospitals. Through her influence and efforts some of the most prominent gentlemen in the city were soon interested in the movement. A suitable building was found at No. 433 East One-Hundred-and-Eighteenth Street, and contributions have been so far received, and arrangements made to such an extent, that it is now expected the home will be ready for occupants by May 1. It is designed only for Protestant women. The furnishing of the home will be of the plainest and most simple kind, and contributions of beds, bed and table linen, crockery, groceries, provisions, etc., are solicited. If persons willing to assist will send their names to Mrs. J. M. Amory, Gramercy Park Hotel, or to Mrs. G. G. Moore, No. 151 East Thirty-fourth Street, their gifts will be sent for. The annual payment of three dollars secures membership in the association, or fifty dollars, paid at one time, life membership. This charitable enterprise has been warmly approved by a large number of the leading clergymen and physicians of this city.

One result of the first exhibition of the Canadian Academy of Arts, at Ottawa, has been the immediate establishment of a National Art School, which will be opened at once, under the South Kensington system of teaching. The Governor-General of Canada and the Princess Louise evidently intend to foster the fine arts in the Dominion. At the exhibition many excellent paintings by Canadian artists were displayed, as well as by foreign artists. In one room were the drawings and paintings of the Princess Louise.

It is now believed that in about a year the East River Bridge may be actually in use. The passage in the Legislature of a bill appropriating $2,250,000 for its completion has been received with much satisfaction by friends of the enterprise in both Brooklyn and New York.

The King of Siam, who is soon to visit this country, was crowned in November, 1868, being then about fifteen years old. One of his first acts on coming to the throne was to liberate all prisoners of state. Afterward he issued a proclamation giving perfect religious freedom to all his subjects. In 1871 another royal proclamation was made that slavery should gradually cease after the first day of the following January, and that slave-holders should be remunerated by a general tax.

From the annual report of the Consul-General established at Rio de Janeiro some important facts are revealed in regard to trade in Brazil, which may be serviceable for merchants to understand. As Brazil is a tropical country, and the grains of our Northern and Western States are not grown there, the implements used in reaping, etc., are not in demand; and as a winterless country is not hay-producing, mowing-machines, scythes, and the like, are not much wanted. There is little demand for wagons or carriages. All houses in Brazil are roofed with porous earthen tiles—the only suitable roofing for that climate. For this reason roofing paint and patent roofing materials of various kinds can not be sold there. Metal shingles and corrugated iron are only used for roofing very large buildings that are open at the sides, such as ship-houses, etc. For ordinary houses, such a roof would convert the dwelling into an oven.

The topophone is an instrument recently invented by Professor Henry Morton, of the Stevens Institute, Hoboken, to enable sailors to tell from what direction sounds come.

During the past five years the losses by fire in the United States have amounted to $353,018,255.

The Count Ferdinand de Lesseps has returned to Europe with his family, having sailed in the White Star steamer *Adriatic*. Whatever he may or may not have accomplished in this country in regard to the pet project which drew him hither, he has during his brief stay in America shown an energy which few men of his age possess, for he was born in 1805. He has visited Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, San Francisco, Niagara, Boston, and has exhibited enthusiastic interest in all scientific matters, and engaged in social and public festivities to a considerable extent. He is certainly a remarkable man.

On the first day after the opening of the Metropolitan Museum there were 4797 visitors; on the second, 6081; and on the third, although it was a rainy day, there were no less than 6712. And with such a multitude roaming through the new building, can our readers guess what is the most formidable difficulty with which the managers of the Museum have to contend? Well, to the shame of the American public, it is simply *tobacco juice*—the marble floors everywhere defiled with tobacco juice. In vain have scores of spittoons been provided; little or no attention is paid to them. We understand that now a notice has been placarded in the Museum instructing the police to turn out of the building any one found spitting upon the floor—an order which, it is to be hoped, will be carried out to the letter. It is high time that the uncleanly and unseemly habit which is so common in this country, and by which public places are made so untidy and disagreeable, should be checked in all reputable places.

A free undenominational church, to be called the "Union Tabernacle," was recently opened in this city with interesting services. The building, which is in Thirty-fourth Street, near Eighth Avenue, was formerly known as the Tabernacle of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and is a gift from Mr. Francis A. Palmer. The pews will be free to all, and it is expected that the church will be the religious home of large numbers of the middle classes, whose moderate incomes might prevent paying high prices for pews, but who will take pleasure in doing their part toward defraying current expenses.

It is proposed to dispatch a revenue cutter in search of the crews of the whaling barks *Mount Wollaston* and *Vigilant*, which are imprisoned in the ice of the Arctic Sea.

Not long ago one of the lions at the London Zoological Gardens was observed to be in trouble. On examination, it was found that a great bone had become fixed in the creature's mouth, and it was a matter of difficulty to attempt to remove it, as the lion was in a state of great excitement. By putting him into a "shifting den," where his face was near the bars, it was ascertained that in eating his dinner—part of a haunch of horse—the lion had bitten through the large spongy bone which forms the hip-joint of the horse, and both upper and lower canine teeth were fixed in the bone. After considerable skillful manœuvring the obstacle was removed.

On arriving at Madrid, General Fairchild, the newly appointed Minister from the United States, was received with military honors at the palace, where afterward a brilliant ceremonial took place. The King and his court, the members of the cabinet, the Queen and her ladies, had assembled to receive the American Minister. After General Fairchild had presented his credentials, Alfonso responded with congratulations on his appointment, expressing the earnest hope that pleasant relations would be maintained between the United States and Spain.

Shooting at Creedmoor has commenced. Since the closing of the range last fall it has undergone extensive improvements in the addition of new targets, the substitution of stone "butts" in place of the deteriorated wooden ones, and the cutting down of trees which heretofore have caused troublesome wind currents.

Fifty years ago Belgium won her independence, and separated herself from Holland. Since that time she has been happy, peaceful, and prosperous. So the Belgians are enthusiastically preparing to celebrate, next September, the semi-centennial of their independence. Arrangements will be made by those in this city specially interested to observe the occasion in an appropriate manner.

Charges of cruelty in the New York Juvenile Asylum have been made public, and an investigation will doubtless bring the offenders to justice.

An aerial voyage to the north pole is now proposed. A couple of years ago Professor Ritchell made a flying machine that would really fly—upward, downward, to the right, or to the left, at the wish of the operator. This air-ship he has been perfecting, and he believes the problem of the north pole can be best solved by means of a voyage thither in his novel machine.

Perhaps one reason for the great advance in the cost of paper may be its extensive use in various arts and manufactures not connected with writing or printing. For example, an astronomical tower twenty-nine feet in diameter has been recently constructed of this material at the Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York.

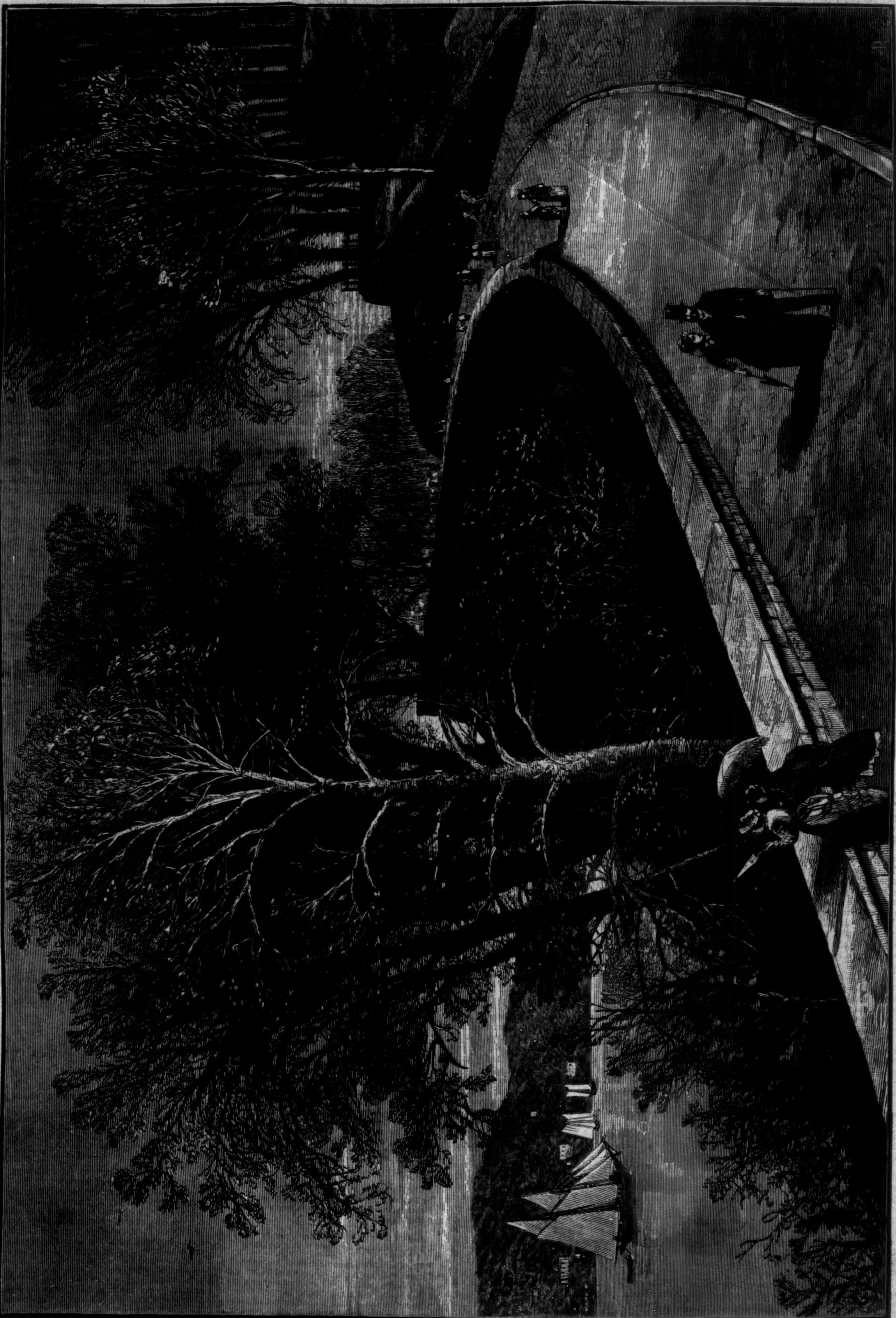
An exchange informs us that the following scene actually occurred a short time ago in a Boston public school. The teacher, being resolved to have a thorough examination, asked, "Where was Louis XVI. while the Convention was held?"

Scholar. "Versailles."
"Where is Versailles?"
"Near Paris."
"Where is Paris?"
"In France."
"Where is France?"
"In Europe."
"Where is Europe?"
Scholar (*patronizingly*). "If you don't know that, I'm afraid it's a hopeless case."

The examination came to an abrupt and demoralized close.

One set of Gobelins tapestries which was disposed of at the recent sale at the Palace of San Donato brought $21,920.

While commenting upon the electric light in an address before the Society of Telegraph Engineers, in London, President W. H. Preece remarked: "The proper function of gas is to generate heat. Ninety-four per cent. of the ingredients of gas are consumed in generating heat, and only six per cent. in producing light. It is remarkable that so amenable and tractable an agent for heating purposes has not been more utilized, but the fact is that the public is ignorant of its properties, careless of its employment, and callous to its defects. It is not too much to say that fifty per cent. of the gas manufactured is absolutely wasted for illuminating purposes by the wild extravagance with which it is burned, and by the want of those systems of regulation which have been introduced to compensate for irregularities and excesses of pressure."



VIEW IN RIVERSIDE PARK, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Granville Perkins from a Sketch by A. L. Jackson.—[See Page 270.]

FRENCH PEASANTS.—From a Painting by John S. Davis.

FRENCH PEASANTS.

The peculiarity of French peasant life is the thrift and economy displayed in every department. The recklessness, improvidence, and susceptibility to excitement that mark the lower classes in Paris and the great cities, appear to be entirely absent in the country. Here the people love the soil, and they till it industriously, never whining about scanty returns, or fancying that they have any special grievance of which to complain. To them France is a country of green fields and vines; of beet root, olives, and tobacco; of poplars, oaks, and chestnuts; where corn is grown, and butter and wine and oil are made. It is a country of cows and sheep, of tillage and crops, where they may live and be at home, where they may satisfy their ambitions and their instincts, and where they may think, love, and, as far as is possible to humanity, be happy.

The two women in our picture are representatives of a class that is not to be found in any other country. Were they Irish, they would be careless and slatternly; were they German, they would be dull and apathetic. As it is, in spite of the hard labor they perform, they are bright, intelligent, interested in their work, and, above all, contented and cheerful. The amount of labor that is performed by the French female peasant in one day is simply prodigious. Yet with it all she does not lose her vivacity and freshness, and never wears that jaded, harried look so familiar upon the faces of our own countrywomen of the poorer class. Her activity never makes the spectator uncomfortable, as if she were working beyond her strength. In the midst of her most laborious duties she is genial, talkative, and altogether comely in her appearance. Zinke, speaking of a peasant housewife in France, says, "I thought her better worth seeing than anything I had seen at the Paris Exhibition," and the picture he proceeds to give justifies his remark.

"She had been up at 4 A.M.; had gone to early service at the church at five; had done all the washing, cleaning, cooking, and work of every kind for the family. If for a moment her attention had not been wanted at the fire, and she had nothing else to do, her knitting had been in her hands. After twelve-o'clock dinner she had gone to the field to load up wheat, taking her place in the cart, and mounting up as she packed the sheaves, until she was at a height which was most alarming; for, as their carts have a horizontal windlass fore and aft to tighten the cord which binds the load, they can load much higher than we do. She had then come home to cook the supper, which she was now serving as briskly as if she had done nothing the previous part of the day. If madame could be exhibited in England, it would be a sight that would surprise many of us—so broad-shouldered, so clean-limbed, so active, so sunburned, so well-featured, so good-natured, and so self-possessed; and the work she does in a day should be exhibited with her. The same, though in his case it would be less striking, might be said of her brawny, kindly husband. Maurice, too, with his flute, should not be omit-

ted. And if the old weather-beaten but happy-looking grandfather and grandmother, in their wooden shoes, could be added, it would be better. It would be a sight that might give some of us new ideas about French peasants, men and women, and about what amount of work can be done in twenty-four hours, to the benefit of the constitution, when the work is done for the family; for possibly people could not work in this way for hire, or, if they were forced to do it, would break down for want of mental support."

The existence of so large a number of retired old people of the lower class supplies a striking example of the effects of the resolute economy which the French practice with such self-denying, persistent vigor. It has been estimated that there are half a million men and women, two-thirds or three-quarters of whom are subsisting on about one hundred dollars a year, or the interest of a sum which they themselves have accumulated through forty or fifty years of hard work. Among them they spend, according to this estimate, which is certainly a low one, sixty millions of dollars a year, representing at five per cent. a capital of twelve hundred millions. The true figure is probably a good deal larger, for, judging from the general concordance of the information which these veterans give about themselves when prudently questioned, it is reasonable to imagine that their accumulations must exceed the general average of twenty-four hundred dollars a head, at which it is put here. The property which they represent is therefore so considerable as a total that its owners acquire from it a national importance which the outside view of them in no way suggests.

One fact that thrusts itself unpleasantly upon the observer of peasant life in France is the antagonism existing between the different classes. The causes of this estrangement are frankly confessed on both sides. The peasant hates the château because he has grown ambitious, and no longer sees any reason for admitting social superiorities, now that he has become in civil and political law the equal of a duke. The gentleman looks upon the peasant with repulsion, on account of these ideas, and also because he opposes him personally on nearly every question that arises between them. Each thrusts himself perpetually in the other's way, the first by trying to keep the second down, the second by intriguing against the influence of the first. A struggle has been going on in France since 1789. It has been marked by ups and downs, by victories and defeats, for both parties; but as a general result the advantage has been largely with the people, and largely against the upper classes. The people have added to their education, to their money, to their power; they have done their best to rise in the world, and they have used the surest means to that end. They deserve hearty admiration for having so thoroughly understood and so practically used the opportunities offered them for bettering their situation materially, intellectually, socially, and politically. But unhappily nothing of the same kind can be said of the patricians.

Instead of temperately discussing the new claims which have sprung up throughout the land, this class has sulkily and sullenly turned its back upon the other. There is not one château in a hundred wherein any attempt is made to win the confidence or the good-will of the surrounding peasantry. The owner sulks, his wife sulks, and their friends sulk around them, and they all unite in calling the peasants *canaille*, because they no longer take off their hats when the carriage from the château passes. And yet in exceptional cases and few and rare instances in which common-sense and the instinct of self-preservation have led the gentlemen to adopt a different tone, the results have always been of a nature to indicate that the hatred of the peasant is not against the gentleman in the abstract, but against the particular opinions which are supposed to be natural to him, and which the peasant conceives to be inimical to himself. No one seriously professes in France that a rich man or an educated man should be detested simply because he is rich and educated; the ground of aversion which is now so general is found in the resentment of the poor man at what he conceives to be the use of wealth and knowledge to keep him down. This being the root of the difficulty, it would seem that it ought not to be difficult to get at it and eradicate it.

The former aristocracy of France has, however, no idea of an appeal to reason or right. Their one notion of preserving their ancient dignities is to talk loudly about the *canaille*, and about shooting every one who does not agree with them. This is strictly and positively the sort of language which is habitually heard in many of the drawing-rooms of France. The peasants know it, and it is not surprising that they object to it. The consequence of it all is that the severance between the château and the cottage is growing less curable from year to year, and that little disposition to patch it over is left in the peasant's heart. He goes on month by month accumulating rancor; he uses his tongue to teach his children that the inmates of the château are foes; and his vote is used to elect municipal and departmental Councillors and Deputies that will be disagreeable to the château. Putting aside certain exceptions, this is a true picture of the situation.

Under these conditions, rural life in France is robbed of one of its noblest and most fruitful uses—the operation of sympathy between the rich and poor. Complaints that annoyances and humiliations between the two classes are growing more and more frequent are heard in every direction. Certain excited people go so far as to prophesy that at the next revolution in government half the châteaux will be set on fire, as an expression of opinion by the country around. This, however, is absurd. The French villagers of our time are quiet, laborious, money-loving people, with nothing of assassins or incendiaries about them, and it is a pity that their would-be masters should aggravate difficulties by suspecting them of dispositions which so far have certainly never entered their minds.

RIVERSIDE PARK.

The Riverside Park, on the Hudson, was planned some twelve years ago by the original Board of Commissioners of the Central Park, of which Mr. Andrew H. Green was a conspicuous member. It extends along the river bluff from Seventy-second Street to One-Hundred-and-Twenty-seventh, a distance of about two and a half miles, and is overlooked by a magnificent drive, which affords a fine view of some of the most charming scenery to be found anywhere in the world. The roadway is macadamized, and as smooth as a polished floor. Some time ago an injunction was served on the Commissioners forbidding them to pay out any more money for the completion of the enterprise, but that has been removed, and the work in the main is done. Some finishing touches are still to be put on here and there, and when this is accomplished, the Park will be thrown open to the public.

Dear Sirs,—In looking over Harper's Weekly paper, I saw the advertisement of your valuable medicine, "Constitution Water," and it occurred to me that it was my duty to add to your list of testimonials. For twelve months I suffered with inflammation of the kidneys and bladder; no rest at night—up ten or fifteen times; could not walk across the street without having palpitation of the heart, would have to sit down and rest before I could get back to the hotel. Last May I was obliged to give up my business, that of hotel-keeper. I was reduced in weight forty pounds. In August I made the trip by steamer to New York, thence by steamer to New London, Connecticut, where I arrived weak and very much debilitated. My brother, J. F. Brown, President of Brown's Cotton Gin Company at New London, sent to the druggists for a bottle of "Constitution Water," and insisted on my taking it, saying that he, and others he knew, had been troubled the same way. It seems incredible, but in two days I began to feel better, my appetite improving, and in a few days was able to walk up to the town, some half mile distant, without getting wearied, or having any fluttering or palpitation of the heart. In a short time I returned to New York (visited Coney Island, of course), and walked from the Wooden Pier to the Iron Pier, a distance I should judge of nearly one mile, through the sand; also a long distance through Central Park without any inconvenience or distress. I am sixty years of age, have lived in Macon fifty-four years, been in the hotel business twenty-five years, and those that know me know that I would not give this testimonial unless it was due you, and to those suffering as I have suffered. Diseases similar to mine and other diseases your medicine is recommended for are very prevalent in the South. Yours truly, E. E. Brown.

Brown's Hotel, Macon, Ga., *Sept.* 21, 1879.

To Messrs. Morgan & Allen, New York.

"Constitution Water" has been pronounced by the medical faculty and the public to be the most wonderful remedy for the stomach, liver, kidneys, and bladder that has ever been offered. *It is not a spring water*, but a preparation by an eminent physician. For female complaints and childhood weakness a specialty. For sale by all Druggists. Depot 59 John St., N. Y.—[*Com.*]

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

IN TYPHOID FEVER.

I have been greatly benefited myself, as also have others, from using Horsford's Acid Phosphate. I have used it to the exclusion of all other remedies in Typhoid fever, with very gratifying results to myself, and with thanks from my patients for so agreeable a remedy.
—[*Com.*] C. R. J. Kellam, M.D., St. Charles, Minn.

The genuine Asbestos Roofing (with white or gray Fire-proof Coating), now in use in all parts of the world, is the only reliable substitute for tin. It is adapted for steep or flat roofs in all climates. It costs only half as much as tin, and can be easily applied by any one. H. W. Johns Manufacturing Co., 87 Maiden Lane, sole manufacturers.—[*Com.*]

Many curious pieces of Antique English and Dutch Silver, a large collection of genuine Sèvres, Vienna, and Dresden Porcelain, old miniatures on Ivory, and other rare Bric-a-Brac, on free exhibition and for sale by Howard & Co., Jewellers, No. 264 Fifth Avenue, corner of 29th Street, New York.—[*Com.*]

The palm of superiority is awarded to Mrs. S. A. Allen, for her World's Hair Restorer, and a grateful public appreciates. Every Druggist sells it.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

EPPS'S COCOA.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Sold only in soldered tins, ½ and lb., labelled

JAMES EPPS & CO., *Homœopathic Chemists*,

London, Eng.

CHEAP MUSIC

"Turkish Reveille," 12 cents; "Fatinitza," 16 pages, 20 cents; "Sea Cadet," 20 cents. Mailed on receipt of price. Extra liberal terms to dealers. Catalogues free. Hitchcock's Music Store, 32 Park Row, New York.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

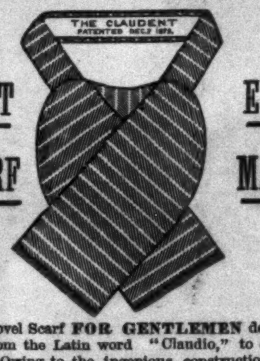
Absolutely Pure.

Made from Grape Cream Tartar.—No other preparation makes such light, flaky hot breads, or luxurious pastry. Can be eaten by dyspeptics without fear of the ills resulting from heavy, indigestible food. Sold only in cans, by all Grocers.

Royal Baking Powder Co., New York.

THE

Claudent.



BEST SCARF EVER MADE.

This novel Scarf **FOR GENTLEMEN** derives its name from the Latin word "Clandio," to draw together. Owing to the ingenious construction of the shield, when adjusted to the wearer, the round corners draw inwards, conforming in its graceful outlines to the neck and chest. Examine carefully for the **Patent Stamp** on the back of each Scarf. None others are genuine. For sale at all first-class establishments.

FISK, CLARK & FLAGG, Patentees.

THE ORIGINAL ELIXIR OF

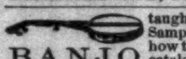
CALISAYA BARK.

Introduced by J. Milhau in 1830.

Fifty years' reputation as the most pleasant and efficient. Highly recommended as a general tonic, appetizer, and anti-malarial for dyspeptics, convalescents, the weak, nervous, or debilitated, and those living in damp locations, or exposed to the ague. Price, $1.00.

J. MILHAU'S SON,

PHARMACIST, 183 Broadway, N. Y.



BANJO taught by mail without a master. Sample tune, with full instructions how to **tune, fret, and play**, and catalogue of 8000 tunes, for 10 cts. and stamp. **Testimonials from hundreds of prominent players.** Send for circular. DIME BANJO MUSIC CO., 205 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

MINTON'S ART AND ENAMELED TILES.

China Works, Stoke-upon-Trent.

Also, THE CAMPBELL BRICK & TILE CO.'S

Encaustic and Geometrical Floor Tiles, Mosaics, &c.

THOS. ASPINWALL & SON,

604 Broadway, New York,

Sole Agents in the United States.

FINE TROUT TACKLE.

We offer a fine 3 Joint Fly Rod, 15 yard Brass Reel, 100 ft. Linen Line, 3 Flies, 3 Hooks to gut, & Leader, complete, by express for $5 00; by mail, postpaid, $5 50; sample Flies by mail, postpaid, 10c. each; per doz., $1 00; complete Catalogue Free.

PECK & SNYDER, Manufacturers,

124 and 126 Nassau St., N. Y.

MONOGRAM SLEEVE BUTTONS

One pair **BEST ROLLED GOLD PLATE** Sleeve Buttons, with white pearl shell centres, engraved with *Your Monogram*, only **$1 50.** Sent by registered mail to any address on receipt of price.

UNION SUPPLY CO.,

58 and 60 Fulton St., N. Y.

FISHING OUTFITS.

CATALOGUE FREE.

R. SIMPSON, 132 Nassau Street, N. Y.

First Prize Medal, Vienna, 1873.

C. WEIS { Manufacturer of Meerschaum Goods. Wholesale and Retail. Send for Circular to 399 Broadway. Factories, Vienna and 69 Walker Street, N. Y.

ANGOSTURA LIQUEUR.

The finest and purest sweet Cordial in existence. Prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, The manufacturers of the world-renowned

ANGOSTURA BITTERS.

J. W. HANCOX, Sole Agent, 51 Broadway, New York.

PENNSYLVANIA MILITARY ACADEMY, Chester, Pa. Civil Engineering, Chemistry, Classics, and English Degrees conferred. Col. THEO. HYATT, President.

GUION LINE.

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS,

FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL,

Leaving Pier No. 38, N. R., foot of King Street.

WISCONSIN,	Tuesday, April	13,	7:30 A.M.
ARIZONA,	Tuesday, "	20,	1:30 P.M.
WYOMING,	Tuesday, "	27,	7 A.M.
NEVADA,	Tuesday, May	4,	1:30 P.M.

Cabin Passage (according to State-room), $60–$80, and $100; Intermediate, $40; Steerage at low rates.

Offices, No. 29 Broadway. WILLIAMS & GUION.

SANFORD'S

RADICAL CURE

FOR CATARRH.

One bottle Radical Cure and One Improved Inhaler. Price, for both, $1.00.

Economical, agreeable, safe, and never failing, relieving instantly, and curing permanently, this great combination of medicinal agents offers to the weary sufferer from every form of Catarrh, relief and rest. It satisfies every demand of reason and common-sense. It attacks and conquers every phase of catarrhal disease. It strikes at the root, cleansing the nasal passages of purulent matter, to swallow and inhale which means destruction, sweetening the breath, restoring the senses of smell, taste, and hearing to full activity, purifying the blood of catarrhal virus and checking its constitutional ravages.

A CURATIVE HOST

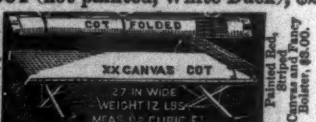
Beginning at the beginning and ending at the end, cleansing, restoring, and purifying, eradicating the most loathsome and destructive forms of human suffering, this great remedy has driven the shadow from many a loving home and reaped the gratitude of grateful hearts. Buy it while there is yet time. Attack the first symptoms, strangle the monster Catarrh at the outset, and you are safe.

Ask for Sanford's Radical Cure.

General Ag'ts, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

XX COT (not painted, White Duck), $2.

Painted Red, Brown Canvas and Fancy Bolster, $2.50.



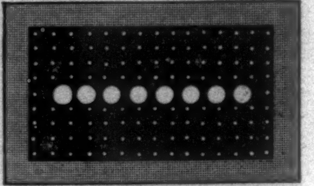
Painted Red, Striped Canvas and Fancy Bolster, $3.00.

Makes a perfect bed. No mattress or pillows required. Better than a hammock, as it fits the body as pleasantly, and lies straight. Folded or opened instantly. Self-fastening. It is just the thing for hotels, offices, cottages, camp-meetings, sportsmen, etc. Good for the lawn, piazza, or "coolest place in the house." Splendid for invalids or children. Sent on receipt of price, or C. O. D. For **50 cts. extra**, with order, I will prepay express to any R. R. station east of Mississipi River and north of Mason and Dixon's Line. For **75 cents**, in Minn., Iowa and Mo.

HERMON W. LADD, 108 Fulton St., Boston; 207 Canal St., New York; 165 North Second St., Philadelphia. Send for Circulars.

COLLINS'

VOLTAIC-ELECTRIC



POROUS

PLASTERS

Ten times more powerful than the best porous plaster. When placed over the centre of the nervous forces, the pit of the stomach, they stimulate the Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, perfect Digestion, cure Dyspepsia, Bilious Colic, Cramps and pains, and prevent Ague and Malarial Diseases. For Weak and Sore Lungs, Palpitation of the Heart, Painful Kidneys, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Sciatica, they are the best remedy in the world. Get the genuine. Ask for COLLINS' VOLTAIC ELECTRIC POROUS PLASTERS. Price 25 cents. Mailed free on receipt of price by WEEKS & POTTER, 360 Washington St., Boston.

FREE BY MAIL.

12	Roses, all of the best named sorts, including Duchess of Edinburgh, Niphetos or Cornelia Cook,	$1.00
12	Geraniums, including New Life and Happy Thought,	1.00
16	Tube Roses,	1.00
16	Gladiolas, all flowering bulbs,	1.00
8	Of each of the above two,	1.00
4	Palms, nice plants, all different,	1.00
12	Begonias, all different,	1.00
10	Ferns, all different,	1.00
6	Crotons, the best sorts for high colors,	1.00
12	New Fancy Coleus, all different,	1.00
6	Fancy Caladiums, in sorts,	1.00
8	Dahlias, in sorts,	1.00
24	Sorts of Annual Flower Seeds,	1.00
12	Sorts of Perennials and Greenhouse Seeds,	1.00

Our $5.00 Collection of Fancy Plants for the Conservatory is unsurpassed.

To clubs we make special rates. 6 of the above collections for $5.00; all sent by mail. *Send for Catalogue.* B. P. CRITCHELL, 197 West Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

PLAYS, Tableaux, Dialogues, Recitations, Colored Fire, Wigs, Mustaches, &c. Catalogues sent free by HAPPY HOURS COMPANY, No. 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

EDUCATE Your Boys! Give them a Printing Press. All prices, from $1.50 up. Business Men do your own Printing. Economy is wealth. The best presses made by J. F. W. Dorman, Baltimore, Md. Price List Free.

20 LOVELY ROSEBUD CHROMO CARDS, or 20 all Floral Motto with name, 10 cents. NASSAU CARD CO., Nassau, N. Y.

J. & J. DOBSON,

Manufacturers and Retailers of

CARPETS,

Offer an immense and elegant assortment of

New and Desirable Styles of

Wiltons, Axminsters,
Velvets, Brussels,
Three-Plys, Ingrains,
Rugs, Mats,
Oilcloths, &c., &c.,

Including all popular varieties of FLOOR COVERINGS, at

UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES.

Special Inducements to Churches, Steamers, and Hotels.

40 & 42 West 14th St., New York,

Near 6th Ave. Elevated RR. Station.

JOHN VAN GAASBEEK, Manager.

JAMES McCREERY & Co.

BROADWAY. ELEVENTH ST.

SILKS,
SATINS,
DRESS GOODS,
NOVELTIES,

Of exclusive disposition from the first designers of Europe, in variety and assortment unrivalled in any country.

Books for the Country

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the following works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents.*

EGLESTON'S VILLAGES AND VILLAGE LIFE. Villages and Village Life, with Hints for their Improvement. By Nathaniel Hillyer Egleston. Post 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

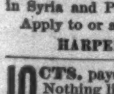
WATSON'S AMERICAN HOME GARDEN. American Home Garden: being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Shrubbery. To which are added brief Notes on Farm Crops, with a Table of their Average Product and Chemical Constituents. By Alexander Watson. With Several Hundred Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

TODD'S APPLE CULTURIST. The Apple Culturist. A Complete Treatise for the Practical Pomologist. To aid in Propagating the Apple, and Cultivating and Managing Orchards. Illustrated with Engravings of Fruit, Young and Old Trees, and Mechanical Devices employed in Connection with Orchards and the Management of Apples. By Sereno Edwards Todd. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

BROWNE'S TREES OF AMERICA. The Trees of America, Native and Foreign, Pictorially and Botanically Delineated, and Scientifically and Popularly Described: being considered principally with Reference to their Geography and History, Soil and Situation, Propagation and Culture, Accidents and Diseases, Properties and Uses, Economy in the Arts, Introduction into Commerce, and their Application in Useful and Ornamental Plantations. By D. J. Browne. With Numerous Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $5 50.

BEMENT'S AMERICAN POULTERER'S COMPANION. A Practical Treatise on the Breeding, Rearing, Fattening, and General Management of the various Species of Domestic Poultry. By C. N. Bement. Illustrated with Portraits of Fowls, mostly taken from Life; Poultry-Houses, Coops, Nests, Feeding-Houses, &c., &c. With 120 Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

JAEGER'S NORTH AMERICAN INSECTS. The North American Insects, with Numerous Illustrations drawn from Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author. By Professor Jaeger, assisted by H. C. Preston, M.D. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.



Imitation Gold Watches, $10, $15, $20, and $25 each. Chains, $2 to $12, to match. Jewelry of the same. Sent, C.O.D., by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. Collins Metal Watch Factory, 335 Broadway, N. Y. Box 3696.

AGENTS WANTED.

For **"Southern Palestine and Jerusalem."** By William M. Thomson, D.D., 45 years a missionary in Syria and Palestine. 140 Illustrations and Maps. Apply to or address

HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, N. Y.

---

10 CTS. pays for Star Spangled Banner, 3 months. Nothing like it. 18th year. 8 pages, illustrated. Specimens *Free.* Address Banner, Hinsdale, N. Y.

---

20 Gold and Silver Chromo Cards, with name, 10c., postpaid. G. I. REED & CO., Nassau, N. Y.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE, & CO.

UPHOLSTERY DEPT.

The finest stock of Spring Novelties in the city of Furniture Coverings, Draperies, Lace and Nottingham Curtains, Antique and Guipure d'Art Bed Spreads and Shams. Also, Holland and Gold Bordered Window Shades, &c., &c.

Broadway & 19th St.

KEYES,

349 & 351 Eighth Ave., N.Y.

Our Spring and Summer Catalogue,

Showing the latest novelties in

Dry Goods, Costumes,

AND

Fancy Goods,

WILL BE ISSUED APRIL 5th,

And forwarded on receipt of stamp to any address.

All out-of-town orders filled with the utmost despatch and care.

CONSTITUTION WATER.

40 DROPS OF **Constitution Water,**

THREE TIMES A DAY,

CURES BRIGHT'S DISEASE, INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, STONE IN THE BLADDER, CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, DIABETES, GRAVEL, BRICK-DUST DEPOSIT, CHILDHOOD WEAKNESS.

For Female Complaints a Specialty.

For sale by all Druggists. Send for Circular.

MORGAN & ALLEN, 59 John St., N. Y.

Send for Circulars. E. J. KNOWLTON, Ann Arbor, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED

For H. M. STANLEY'S fascinating narrative of his explorations **Through the Dark Continent,** and down the River Congo from its source to its mouth. Profusely illustrated from Sketches and Photographs, showing the scenery and people along his route. Another new edition is now ready. Apply to or address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

PORTABILITY, combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general out door day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest transparent power to strengthen and improve the sight without the distressing results of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, OCULISTS, OPTICIAN, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED for the Best and Fastest-selling Pictorial Books and Bibles. Prices reduced 33 per cent. National Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

DIARY FREE for 1880, with postal information, improved interest-table, calendar, &c., &c., will be mailed on receipt of two 3 cent stamps, to any address, by writing to C. E. HIRES, Wholesale Botanic Druggist, 215 Market St., Philadelphia, Pa.

$72 A Week. $12 a day at home easily made. Costly Outfit free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Me.

$777 A Year and expenses to agents. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. FINEST AND CHEAPEST MEAT FLAVORING STOCK FOR SOUPS, MADE DISHES, AND SAUCES.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT "Is a success and a boon for which nations should feel grateful."—See "Medical Press," "Lancet," "British Medical Journal," &c. CAUTION.—Genuine only with the fac-simile of Baron Liebig's Signature in Blue Ink across the Label.

"Consumption in England increased tenfold in ten years."

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT. To be had of all Storekeepers, Grocers, and Chemists. Sole Agents for the United States (wholesale only), C. DAVID & CO., 43 Mark Lane, London, England.

Sold wholesale in New York by PARK & TILFORD, SMITH & VANDERBEEK, ACKER, MERRALL, & CONDIT, McKESSON & ROBBINS, H. K. & F. B. THURBER & CO., and J. MILHAUS & SONS.

AGENTS WANTED to Sell the NEW BOOK,

FARMING FOR PROFIT

TELLS HOW TO

Cultivate all the Farm Crops in the Best Manner; Breed, Feed and Care for Stock; Grow Fruit; Manage Farm Business; Make Happy Homes, and **How to Make Money on the Farm.** Every Farmer should have a copy. **860 Pages. 140 Illustrations.** Send for circulars to **J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.**

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year	$4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year	4 00
HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, One Year	1 50

A COMBINATION OFFER.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar	One Year	$10 00
Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly	One Year	7 00
Harper's Magazine, Harper's Bazar	One Year	7 00
Harper's Weekly, Harper's Bazar	One Year	7 00

The Volumes of the *Weekly* and *Bazar* begin with the first Numbers for January, and the Volumes of the *Magazine* with the Numbers for June and December of each year.

Subscriptions will be commenced with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs.

Remittances should be made by **Post-Office Money Order** or **Draft,** to avoid chance of loss.

Address HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

BOUND VOLUMES.

Bound Volumes of the Magazine, each volume containing the Numbers for Six Months, will be furnished for $3 00 per Volume in Cloth, or $5 25 in Half Calf, sent by mail, postage paid.

Volumes of the Weekly or Bazar, bound in cloth, each containing the Numbers for a year, will be furnished for $7 00 each, sent by mail, postage prepaid.

There are 59 volumes of the Magazine, 23 volumes of the Weekly, and 12 volumes of the Bazar now ready.

ADVERTISING.

The extent and character of the circulation of Harper's Weekly and Bazar render them advantageous mediums for advertising. A limited number of suitable advertisements will be inserted at the following rates: in the Weekly, Outside Page, $2 00 a line; Inside Pages, $1 50 a line. In the Bazar, $1 00 a line. In Young People, 75 cents a line. Cuts and Display charged the same rates for space occupied as solid matter.

Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

CELLULOID EYE-GLASSES

representing the choicest selected Tortoise-Shell & Amber. The lightest, handsomest, & strongest known. Sold by Opticians and Jewellers. Made by SPENCER O. M. CO., 13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

$5 to $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Me.

SALESMEN WANTED $125 A Month and Expenses selling to DEALERS **CIGARS** SAMPLES FREE. Send 3c. STAMP to insure answer. S. FOSTER & CO., Cincinnati, O.

$66 A week in your own town. Terms and $5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Me.

AGENTS Catalogue free. $7 per day made easy. J. F. GAGE & CO., Boston, Mass.

LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE.

One Hundred Years Old.

1780 — **1880**

WALTER BAKER & CO.,

Dorchester, Mass.

CHOCOLATE, BROMA, AND COCOA

In their best and purest form, contain every ingredient that is needful for the sustenance and growth of the human system, being composed as determined by chemical analysis of starch, gum, gluten, oil, and a white crystallizable substance called theobromine, similar to theine in tea, but containing more nitrogen and being an important adjunct to nutrition.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

Our Book of Choice Chocolate Receipts will be sent free to any address.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

HISTORY OF JOHN DE WITT. History of the Administration of John De Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland. By James Geddes. Vol. I.—1623–1654. With a Portrait. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

II.

THE THEORY OF THOUGHT. A Treatise on Deductive Logic. By Noah K. Davis, University of Virginia. 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

III.

MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. Being Typical Selections of British and American Authorship, from Shakespeare to the Present Time; together with Definitions, Notes, Analyses, and Glossary, as an aid to Systematic Literary Study. For Use in High and Normal Schools, Academies, Seminaries, &c. By William Swinton, Author of "Harper's Language Series," and Gold Medallist Paris Exposition, 1878. With Portraits. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $1 75.

IV.

THE DIARY OF A MAN OF FIFTY AND A BUNDLE OF LETTERS. By Henry James, Jr. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

V.

HILDRETH'S UNITED STATES. The History of the United States. *First Series.*—From the First Settlement of the Country to the Adoption of the Federal Constitution. *Second Series.*—From the Adoption of the Federal Constitution to the End of the Sixteenth Congress. By Richard Hildreth. 6 vols., 8vo, Cloth, with Paper Labels, Uncut Edges and Gilt Tops, $12 00. *(In a Box.)*

Uniform with the Library Editions of Hume, Macaulay, and Motley, which have been recently published.

VI.

A PRIMER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Eugene Lawrence. 32mo, Paper, 25 cents; Cloth, 40 cents.

VII.

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN THE FAR WEST. By J. M. Murphy. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

VIII.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOMERIC POEMS. A Lecture. By Dr. Hermann Bonitz. Translated from the Fourth German Edition. By Lewis R. Packard. Square 16mo, Cloth, 75 cents.

IX.

RUSSIA BEFORE AND AFTER THE WAR. Translated from the German by E. Fairfax Taylor. 4to, Paper, 15 cents.

X.

TENNYSON'S SONGS, WITH MUSIC. Songs from the Published Writings of Alfred Tennyson. Set to Music by various Composers. Edited by W. G. Cusins. With Portrait and Original Illustrations by Winslow Homer, C. S. Reinhart, A. Fredericks, and Jessie Curtis. Royal 4to, Cloth, Gilt Edges, $5 00.

XI.

M'CARTHY'S HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES. A History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress. By Justin McCarthy. Vol I. (containing Vols. I. and II. of the English Edition), 12mo, Cloth $1 25.

XII.

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS. Edited by John Morley. The following volumes are now ready:

HAWTHORNE. By Henry James, Jr.
12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

BUNYAN. By James Anthony Froude.
CHAUCER. By Adolphus William Ward.
SOUTHEY. By Edward Dowden.
MILTON. By Mark Pattison.
BURKE. By John Morley.
THACKERAY. By Anthony Trollope.
ROBERT BURNS. By Principal Shairp.
SPENSER. By Dean Church.
DANIEL DEFOE. By William Minto.
GOLDSMITH. By William Black.
HUME. By Professor Huxley.
SHELLEY. By J. A. Symonds.
SIR WALTER SCOTT. By R. H. Hutton.
EDWARD GIBBON. By J. C. Morison.
SAMUEL JOHNSON. By Leslie Stephen.
12mo, Cloth, 75 cents a volume.

XIII.

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE RÉMUSAT. 1802–1808. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by her Grandson, Paul de Rémusat, Senator. Translated by Mrs. Cashel Hoey and Mr. John Lillie. Part I., 4to, Paper, 10 cents. Part II., 4to, Paper, 10 cents. Part III., Illustrated, 4to, Paper, 10 cents.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

A Foreign Marriage; or, Buying a Title. 75 cents.

For Her Dear Sake. By Mary Cecil Hay. 15 cents.

Daireen. By Frank Frankfort Moore. 15 cents.

Two Women. By Georgiana M. Craik. 15 cents.

A Wayward Woman. By Arthur Griffiths. 15 cts.

The Return of the Princess. By Jacques Vincent. Translated by Laura E. Kendall. 10 cents.

Tom Singleton: Dragoon and Dramatist. By W. W. Follett Synge. 15 cents.

A Sylvan Queen. 15 cents.

Barbara. By Miss Braddon. 15 cents.

Golden-Rod. An Idyl of Mount Desert. 25 cents.

Othello the Second. By Frederick W. Robinson. 20 cents.

Mademoiselle de Mersac. 15 cents.

Cousin Simon. By the Hon. Mrs. R. Marsham. 10 cts.

Friend and Lover. By Iza Duffus Hardy. 15 cents.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send any of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ Harper's Catalogue *mailed free on receipt of Nine Cents in stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

$125 Outfit free to Agents, and all expenses paid. Address H. B. Shaw, Alfred, Me.